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SUNNETS

ROUND THE COAST

H. D. RAWNSLEY.







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SONNETS ROUND THE COAST

NCM
Rawnsley

SONNETS ROUND THE COAST

BY

H. D. RAWNSLEY

M.A. BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXON,
AUTHOR OF "SONNETS AT THE ENGLISH LAKES," ETC., ETC.

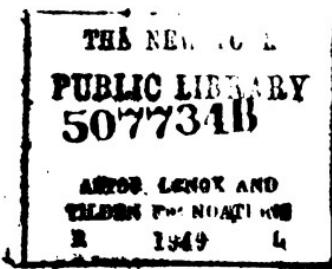
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DEDICATORY.

TO MY MOTHER.

*MOTHER, whate'er of tuneful power I have
Was thine since first the flood of life began
To mix the lime that built me up a man,
And moved me out of darkness. For my wave,
Sprung from thy deeps, was rhythmic, stave on stave
Tuned to thy beating heart the current ran
Charged with such music as will last my span
And leave some simple verse upon my grave.*

*IWherefore, as waves that from the ocean's bound
Drawn deeply back return with added voice,
Line after line let fall upon the beach,
I render back to broken shores of speech
What thought flows in upon the tide of sound,
And know that thou wilt listen and rejoice.*

DEDICATORY.

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF MY FATHER.

*FATHER ! not here, but dearest father still,
Since neither depth below nor height above
Avails to break the bond of deathless love
That keeps my sonship loyal, on the hill
Crowned with its solemn church and restless mill,
How oft thine ear, not ever false, would prove
The measure that my schoolboy fancy wove,
In praise or blame considerate of my skill.*

*The sea-wind stirred thee, when we crossed the plain
Toward the beach that fired young Franklin's soul,
The whispering reeds, the poplar-girdled farms
Upon thy spirit laid melodious charms,—
I heard the Mantuan's music from thee roll,
Breathed forth in sweetly meditative strain.*

BOOK I.

SONNETS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT
AND SOUTH COAST.

17

B

I.

SEA LIBERTY.

(*SUGGESTED BY A COIN OF OLD TARENTUM.*)

TWO thousand years have not unseated thee,
Thou dauntless rider of the dolphin king.
Thy father's horses with their brass hooves ring
In the deep watery stall, but o'er the sea
Thou, with exultant arm stretched forth in glee,
Wilt guide thy lustrous steed that curveting
Moves thro' the flood, a joyous-hearted thing,
Glad as the waves that bound towards Italy.
Earth has its charms, the vales, the moveless hills
Can soothe the unimpressionable mood
And mould the heart they prison—but the waves
Call with a voice of jubilance that thrills
All souls who thirst for swift vicissitude,
We clap our hands—we are no longer slaves.

Note I.

B 2

II.

OCEAN, THE CAPTIVE.

Men call thee free, and I have heard the wind
Pass landward, breathed of liberty and thee,
Have watched thy white-maned horses prancing free,
As if their courses could not be confined :
But deeper than the hand of man has mined
Are set the bolts of thy captivity ;
From higher than the eyes of man can see
The jealous moon thy limbs doth strangely bind.
Thou moanest, "I that am the heaven's own child,
Why, laid within the cruel, cradling shores,
Should I but grow to feel a prisoner's pains ?"
And, like a giant fretting in his chains,
Thou thunderest at Earth's never-yielding doors,
Untamed and tameless and unreconciled.

III.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

ISLE of the blossoming myrtle and the bay,
Of elm, and snowy cliff, and sunny down,
King-makers can assure no lasting crown,
Song-makers bear the sceptre that must stay.
With Beauchamp passed thy dynasty away,
But to thy royal seat of high renown
Came one whom all the gentle muses own :
His reign is young, albeit his locks are grey.
Thou hast thy king—nor yet unqueened thou art,
Crown-wearied, here, our Sovereign finds her rest,
Where, like a jewel that chance blows may turn,
Set in the gleaming Solent, thou dost burn
To fence from wind and foe our sailor heart—
Thou fairest island-gem on England's breast !

IV.

TO ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

NEW lord of England, but old lord of song,
Voice to the realm, in council of our peers
Long looked-for, peerless, for these many years
Thy muse in her nobility was strong
To sit enthroned above the rabble throng,
Thy knightly shield where now the leopard rears—
Thy laurelled helm that now the jewel wears,
Fit arms for lordly right against the wrong.
But if no children's children in thy halls,
Pointing to broken lance and battered shield,
Shall say these arms the first great Baron wore,
Thy verse, that fired our deeds by flood and field,
And gave us back the chivalry of yore,
Shall sound like trumpets on our country's walls.

X

V.

FARRINGFORD, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THIS is the Poet's home, from east to west
A silvern amulet, the Solent shines,
To guard him, where he sees in stately lines
The white-winged vessels pass, for toil or rest.
No ruder sound has his fine ear distrest
Than rippling ilex, and the sigh of pines
When south winds sweep with clamour up the chines,
And waves leap high on Watcombe's milky breast.
But if at all he leave his song's retreat,
The cypress bowers, the labyrinthine maze,
To climb the hushed, companionable Down,
High standing at the Beacon's seaward gaze,
He hears the ocean like his great heart beat,
And tunes its rhythmic cadence to his own.

VI.

*ON HEARING LORD TENNYSON
READ HIS ODE ON THE
DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.*

CREAT builder of this monument of sound
To him whose praise shall never cease to be,
As long as hearts beat fast for victory,
Or laurels grow on any English ground ;
Oh ! how my heart and how mine ears were bound,
Hearing the boom of that articulate sea
Which, wave on wave of wondrous melody,
Flowed in from deeps of gratitude profound !
The sands may chafe old Chephren's pyramid,
The Colosseum crumble and decay,
Yea, even the Dome that holds the golden cross
Sink with its whisper of a nation's loss—
And the world-victor's victor's tomb be hid—
But this sonorous cenotaph shall stay.

VII.

*AFTER THE EPILOGUE
TO THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.*

WHEN blackbirds fluted 'twixt the day and night,
And you clomb up the down toward the stars,
My heart went with you, for the thoughtful bars
Of that last music had possessed me quite.
True seer, I cried, you have delivered right
The only message that, to heal our scars,
Unriddling these dread necessary wars,
Can crown with song the soldier's deed of might.
For till these bastions crumble with the frost,
Or earth shall meet the sun and melt in fire,
Some new-won land shall court the jealous eye,
Some voice shall startle lust and tyranny,
Some heart refuse to own the battle lost,
Some patriot find in death his soul's desire.

VIII.

AT THE NEEDLES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

WHEN the Phœnician sailors, for their store
Of moon-white metal, dropped to yonder bay,
These broken cliffs were memories day by day
Of that far land from whence they plied the oar.
For ever 'twixt the sunset and the shore
With chalk-hewn hunch the monster camel lay
Beneath the bellowing cape, and through the spray
They seemed to hear the bull of Babel roar,
Giant and human-headed ; so they passed
With prayer to mighty Melkarth and to Bel,
And steered towards the island's furnace fire,
They felt o'ershadowed by the walls of Tyre,
In fancy saw the smoke of Sidon cast
Upon the waters Ashtoreth loved well.

IX.

*BY THE BARROW ON AFTON DOWN,
FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT.*

BURIED beneath this mound, whoe'er ye be,
Briton, or Cerdric's sons that smote old Rome,
And dispossessed her of this island home,
And scared her yelping eagles out to sea—
Before ye slept upon this solemn lea,
Between the tranquil Solent and the foam,
Ye heard the same voice with the springtime come
That fills mine ears and sets my fancy free.
For still from winding Yar the peewits call,
The waves are loud beneath the white cliff wall,
Still from the landward pastures at my feet
Lambs tremulous cry and anxious mothers bleat,
And in the gorse, new-gilded by the spring,
With notes ye knew I hear the blackbird sing.

X.

ON LEAVING FARRINGFORD.

YOU waved your hand, I could not say farewell ;
For those last words, " My time cannot be
long,"
Took speech away, Great Leader of our song
Time cannot touch the thought-built citadel
Wherein thou sittest throned. What sovereign spell,
If thy voice ceases, what prevailing tongue,
Can tune earth's discords, show us right from wrong,
And light the darkening years wherein we dwell ?
But if the dread, inevitable hour
Nears, and the music fashioned to thy mind
Is fit for angels' high intelligence,
Yet take thy harp, leave one last strain behind,
To bid us guide the world's progressive power
Up steps of change, with slow-foot reverence.

XI.

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE NEEDLES.

THRO' the blue mist that mingled night and day,
Down the deep Solent's melancholy tide,
We, passing swift, three phantom vessels spied,
Their sails full set—but neither swing nor sway ;
Full to the front toward the darkening bay
The reddest moon of harvest seemed to ride,
“The Needles, ho !” a sturdy seaman cried,
And all my dream of fancy passed away.
Yet much I marvelled how the waters' hand
Could rend the rocks, and pierce the Needles thro' ;
But most at him whose potent skill had planned
Such sure protection for the homebound crew,—
Who raised this tower, and filled with rosy light
The star that sets not upon any night.

XII.

PORLAND.

HERE Hope is dead, and Love has flown away,
And only here the beast within the man,
By bolt and cage and fortress barbican
Curbed, and in chains, can pass hard hours away ;
Till the red hand is raised again to slay,
And feet that once so innocently ran
Strive against desperate odds for larger span—
Then the swift bullet sings, and all is clay.
Dark like a gibbet, o'er the quarry hangs
The frequent crane, and with its funeral dirge
The far-off sea-bell sounds upon the height,
And only fear of death avails to urge
The sullen toil of the laborious gangs,
Till death in mercy bring the dreaded night.

XIII.

THE MIGUEL D'AQUENDA: WEYMOUTH.

THE shepherd Britons, dwellers by the sea,
Who watched the dark Phœnicians hither
come,
Or later heard, along the banks of Frome,
The Roman eagles scream, and turned to flee
To that green rampart on the Dorset lea,
Were not more troubled for their gods and home
Than when our fathers saw above the foam
The great D'Aquenda's galleon going free.
Men clenched their fist and muttered ; women pale,
Pale as the Lulworth cliffs, went sobbing by :
“ And is all lost, and are we prize to Spain ? ”
And have our Weymouth gallants fought in vain ? ”
When out above the huge D'Aquenda's sail
They saw old England's glorious ensign fly.

XIV.

PLYMOUTH HARBOUR—SUNDAY.

IS it not well that England sends her sons
From such proud harbours, such fair haunts as
these,
To wage their battle with the roaring seas,
And shout for victory with their cloudy guns ;
Here where the shifting wall of white foam runs
For ever Soundward, where baronial trees
Blend the waves' whisper with the hum of bees
And sweet church bells ring down their benisons ?
Yes, when the sailor's heart is strung for fight
Thou, Edgecumbe, shalt be present in that hour,
The Hoe and Hamoaze, clear before his sight,
Shall nerve his arm and lend his spirit power ;
And if he fall, yet falling will he smile,
Dead for the love of this his native Isle.

XV

*OLD EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE,
PLYMOUTH HOE.*

NOT often do we find old age like this,
After long tempest perdurable proved,
From out the rush of water floods removed
And set on sunny earth of calm and bliss ;
But it is well, brave tower, though here we miss
The fire of resolute-heartedness we loved,
The zeal for lives, that, lost in darkness, roved
Through booming surges and the breakers' hiss.
And if within thy granite-buildest core
No longer tempest shakes the heart of man,
Nor waves without lift hands to quench thy star,
The centuries still shall bless thee, and from far,
While nations gather marvelling at thy plan,
Thine age shall grow in honour more and more.

XVI.

*SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,
THE HOE.*

MOULD him in bronze, or hew him out of stone,
His name shall live beyond what hands can
make,

Who with his fifty fighting men durst rake
That sea which, heaving cloth of gold, had shone
Since first those long grey eyes had looked thereon,
And he had felt the South Pacific wake
Unconquerable daring,—gallant Drake,
Prince, sailor, soldier, buccaneer, in one.
Three years 'neath flying suns and wandering moons
He sailed his *Hind*, the sea-scourge of the world,
Then, round the Horn, as full as hull could hold
Of Devon's courage and of Spain's doubloons,
Steered home, but England never since has furled
Her sails of enterprise in lust for gold.

BOOK II.

SONNETS OF THE CORNISH
COASTS.

I.

DEEP-SEA CALM.

WITH what deep calm, and passionlessly great,
Thy central soul is stored, the Equinox
Roars, and the North Wind drives ashore his flocks,
Thou heedest not, thou dost not feel the weight
Of the Leviathan, the ships in state
Plough on, and hull with hull in battle shocks,
Unshaken thou ; the trembling planet rocks,
Yet thy deep heart will scarcely palpitate.
Peace-girdle of the world, thy face is moved,
And now thy furrowed brow with fierce light gleams,
Now laughter ripples forth a thousand miles,
But still the calm of thine abysmal streams
Flows round the people of our fretful isles,
And Earth's inconstant fever is reproved.

II.

CORNWALL.

WORLD of the yellow gorse, and purple lea,
With fruitful ocean sounding in the caves,
Rich-veined of earth, whose ever-rolling waves
Of harvest ripen on from sea to sea ;
Thy wells have power, there, saints have bent the knee,
Awe guards thy cromlechs, haunts thy moorland
graves,
And at the crossway, with the sign that saves,
Hangs Balder-Christ upon his granite tree.
Still on thy greens the fairies dance their round,
The brownies haunt the hearth and clot the cream,
Tregeagle cries, the wish-hounds chase and chime ;
Thy cairns with clash of phantom-arms resound,
And nights of vision melt to days of dream
Filled with romance of old Arthurian time.

III.

FALMOUTH.

HARBOUR of ample bosom, open door
For friends and strangers storm-tost in the
bay,

Peace has not yet come down on earth to stay,
And still 'neath hate's dark night the foe may pour
In thro' thy gates, his floating thunder roar
Scorn to Pendennis, to the town dismay ;
Our happy England whole of heart to-day,
To-morrow may be England wounded sore.
Oh ! for the heart of Raleigh, when, returned,
He felt our western air blow crisp and cool
From off the golden slopes of wheat that burned
Against his topmost yards in Smithwic Pool—
Oh ! for his voice to put our pride to school,
And bid us guard the land for which he yearned !

.IV.

KYNANCE COVE.

WE passed through primrose scent and orchis
bloom,
And gained a moorland overblown and drear,
But still the lark made music at our ear,
And sunny furze forbade a moment's gloom ;
Then heard we a rememberable boom,
And caught a glimpse of water, emerald clear,
And down the rough-hewn steps we went with cheer
To claim the fisher's ocean-breathèd room.
But the sea called us and we could not stay,
And forth we strolled in that new wonder-land
. To where the old-world rocky lions lay,
Their wave-wet haunches glistening o'er the sand,
And all the cliffs about us seemed to say
We bade men sing, We schooled the painter's hand.

V.

THE COTTAGE AT KYNANCE COVE.

I KNOW a cottage by the Cornish sea
Deep in a cove, gold-blossomed to the cloud,
Its hearth with music of the wave is loud,
Its chamber jocund with the streamlet's glee.
About it cries the gull and hums the bee,
Above it sings the lark, around it crowd
All flowers that love the sun and are not proud,
And live their lives out innocent and free.
Steep to the threshold fall the cliff-hewn stairs,
But on the heights are left all human cares,
And only days of thoughtful happiness
Descend its seaborad solitude to bless,
While still bright leagues of azure and of foam
Restrain the feet and make the cottage Home.

VI.

THE BLOW-HOLE, KYNANCE CAVES.

WHEN still the rocks were young, ere thought
was born,
The same old sea that from the sands is fled
Worked at these halls of marble green and red,
And still, laborious, toils both night and morn.
Here Syrian sailors, of their god forlorn,
Saw Derceto rise o'er her cavern bed,
Or Latin helmsmen knew the dolphin's head,
And heard in fancy Triton sound his horn.
But now St. Malo's bells above the moor
Swing, and within these hollow ocean caves
No human knee is ever bent in prayer,
Save when a mother finds her dead boy there,
And though the surge blows trumpets at the door
No sea-god speaks in thunder from the waves.

VII.

THE GULL ROCK, KYNANCE COVE.

If all the seas that ever sucked the hue
From midmost heaven, about dark rocks were
rolled,
If all the winds that ever gathered gold
From out sea-air, upon their foreheads blew,
If all the wings of ocean birds that flew,
Milk-white upon their ledges dropped to fold—
Then, Kynance, would thy wave-bound fortress hold
Blue-girt, gold-washed, wing-whitened, rise in view.
Dear to the sailor passing up the Sound,
Dear to the wanderers as they westward rove,
Landwednack's cape, Landwednack's double eye ;
But, from Carthillian to St. Levan's bound,
No rocks so magical as those that lie
The tawny lion-guards of Kynance Cove.

VIII.

ST. RUMON'S WELL, AT GRADE.

HID in the ocean-girt Nemæan wood
Hermit he lived, and here St. Rumon died,
This crystal spring his simple want supplied,
Wild roots and berries were his slender food.
And yet he found the beast in solitude
Must needs be fought with ; day by day he died,
And taught that though the saintliest souls were
tried,
The cleansed in spirit might be pure of blood.
His bones lie far away, but here they bring
The May-tide child for healing, maidens here
Drop the cross straws to see if love is kind,
And here the mother praying, wild with fear,
Will ask the well what bodes the rising wind
To him she brought as babe to Rumon's spring.

IX.

AT THE LIZARD.

HERE first the south wind brings her gift of flowers,
Here last about the cliffs the swallows play,
Yet neither bird nor flower for long can stay
Forth driven by the inhospitable hours.
But Hope remains, and here she builds her towers,
More durable than granite, bearded grey,
Expectant of the bark that passed away
From dawn to noon, from noon till night-time lowers.
Her stout heart dies not with the dwindling sail,
She soonest sees the rising vessel come,
The storm winds burst, black skies and ocean meet,
Her voice of prayer is heard above the gale,
And, when the dead are laid about her feet,
She murmurs, "Lo the loved one steers for home."

X.

A MEMORY OF THE LIZARD.

MY EYES are dim, and yet before mine eyes
Roll in dark purple seas that leap to green,
And rim the cliffs with music, cliffs that lean
And listen to the sea-birds' human cries ;
Fantastic rocks with their chameleon dyes
Move almost into speech, and what they mean
The sunlight doth interpret ; happy scene,
Remade with every headland's swift surprise.
There all the land is breathed about with flowers,
Thrift, orchis, primrose, and the starry squills ;
And all the land is wreathed about with gold,
Gold gleams the down, and gleams the sea-mew's
hold ;
And at that sunny sight the spirit towers,
Weak knees are strengthened, and the faint heart
wills.

XI.

FAREWELL AT LIZARD POINT.

WE say farewell, the half we never know
Of those who wave their hands, farewell !
farewell !

And so we fade to distance—it is well—
If we knew all we leave we could not go.
How many a heart beneath the wings of snow,
In quest of other lands wherein to dwell,
Has passed this headland conscious of a spell,
Yet never sighed or felt the full tear flow !
These have not known how here the swallow first
Bears England summer on her glossy wings,
How first about this cape the cuckoo calls,
How here upon these southern-hearted walls
The earliest flowers to radiant glory burst,
And all day long of home the skylark sings.

XII.

PIGEON HUGO

(CORNISH : POETHON OGO=BOILING CAVE).

SHEER rocks of pitchy blackness to the skies,
With flower-full ledges, gold dust on the walls,
O'erhang a tide that when it flows or falls
Boils into rage of foam that never dies.
There sea-mews circle with distressful cries
And constant melancholy ; depth appals
And height is hopeless ; there the raven calls
Death, and there Death, the cormorant, replies.
Cavern of fury, you dissemble well ;
Your walls of death and pain with flowers you dress,
With gloss of gold you half conceal your spite ;
You are the very counterfeit of hell,
Your central depths dark misery, fathomless,
Your open mouth sweet kisses, dear delight.

XIII.

MULLYON ISLAND (ENYS BRONNEN).

H E is the perfect man who dares to be
Alone, yet not too separate from his kind ;
Whose forehead meets undaunted every wind,
Whose heart is calm in storm or summer sea.
To him all helpless ones are fain to flee,
And, as they shelter 'neath his counsel, find
Consistent truth, and constancy as kind—
To come and go on all occasions free.
And thou of this man's nature hast a part,
Thou island home of succour by the shore,
The waves that strew Polurrian's beach with woe
Break round thee, but the wave-beat fishers know
Thou hast sweet shelter for the boats in store,—
Isle of the genial hand and generous heart.

Note 9.

D

XIV.

*FLORA DAY AT HELSTON
(FURRY DAY), MAY 8.*

COME, Marion, come, let Robin blow his horn,
For Flora holds high festival to-day,
The Nansloe woods are fragrant with the May,
And Helston Hill is green with springing corn.
Come, bring the orchis, break the milk-white thorn,
Dance in and out, and let who will say nay,
And he, who will not leave his work for play,
Shall feel Pengella's waterbrook of scorn.
This is the day our British fathers gave
To Flora's head their boasted victory's crown,
The day our great St. George had power to save,
When the fierce Dragon flamed above the town ;
But on this day we do remember most
Spain's huge sea-dragon, slain upon the coast.

XV.

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL, PENZANCE.

MOUNT of the crescent bay, and Cornish flood,
Green-based and grey with towers, about thy
feet

The timid tides for awe will scarcely meet,
Since here th' Archangel Michael gleaming stood ;
And at the sight eye-blind beneath his hood
The hermit shrank, Tregeagle left his seat,
And all the Fauns and Satyrs in retreat
Went screaming from the dark, mysterious wood.
The woods in Lyonesse are overthrown,
Peace holds her pleasant castle on thy hill,
Below the beast makes havoc of the man ;
Still England needs a Michael in her van
To slay the dragon, the archangel still,
High on his mount of battle must be shown.

XVI.

*SPRING DREAMS AMONGST THE
CORNISH MINERS.*

LAND of the horns of plenty ! though thy seas
No longer feel the strong Phœnician oar,
Nor Carthaginians push their boats ashore
To claim a sister Cassiterides ;
Though those man-moles who marred thy pleasant
leas
Cease, and the streams run purer than before ;
Though less the hammers ring, the chimneys roar,
And the grim shales grow heathery by degrees ;
Still when the beech in hollow woods is bold,
And April scatters violets thro' the land,
When once again the cuckoo's tale is told,
And primrose breath on every breeze is fanned,
Thy gay gorse vision haunts the mining band,
They dream wild dreams of Californian gold.

XVII.

ST. MADRON'S WELL.

(ST. PATERNE, BP. OF AVRANCHES, 6th CENT.)

WE vex the hills with quarries, and we fell
The woods, and as we toil are magnified,
And building say,—Our God shall here abide,
This is His house wherein He loves to dwell ;—
But we forget that as we rear the shell
Souls are not reared : we shut the heaven outside ;
Far better had we left the portals wide,
As old St. Paterne left them at his well.
Led by the wayside cross, from what far lands
To yonder spring for health the pilgrims went ;
And goodly men and maidens plighted troth,—
Those drank the waters and these dipped their hands,
While birds and flowers, yea all things innocent,
Attested health, were sponsors for the oath.

XVIII.

LANYON CROMLECH.

BEFORE the ocean burst his tawny chain
And swept the woods of Lyonesse, and broke
In on the altars and their groves of oak,
Here men were gathered from the moorland plain :
With groaning rollers and the lever's strain,
Princes and people stretched an equal yoke,
Then from the new-poised cromlech curled the smoke,
And the grey granite took a ruddy stain.
From Galva, holy Zennor, and the height
Of Carn-Brea, throng the worshippers no more,
With lamentation and the dead man's praise ;
But the strong love that crowned this deed of might,
And the stern hope for heroes gone before,
Stand up rebukers of our faithless days.

XIX.

THE MËN-SCRYFA (THE WRITTEN STONE).

BROWN Caer Galva takes the sun and hears
The wailing winds, the sorrow-laden deep,
That mourned with all the people for the sleep
Of Rialobran, a prince without his peers.
But yet he died as heroes die—the spears
Not ever backward, and the castle keep
Unstommed, the kine, the oxen, and the sheep
Safe for his father's milk-pail, knife, and shears.
How many a chief on Galva's rocky mound
Has looked on this lone pillar with a sigh,
And prayed his son might meet as brave a death ;
And those three Saxon kings, that supped hard by,
Tossed horns to Rialobran and cursed the wound,
Yet could not drive dark sorrow from the heath.

Note II.

XX.

A LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

(AT SENNEN.)

HEADLAND of battle, long as choughs shall fly—
The birds with beak and talon wet with
blood,
As long as Genvor rears her raven brood
To croak against the Dane, the victory
Of those nine Cornish kings can never die ;
No mill-wheel turns to-day with crimson flood
But all who round the Table-mân take food
Must pray that Arthur's time again were by.
For once Excalibur with gleaming brand
Flashed hope to friend, confusion to the foe,
But Athelstane on Bollait's fateful field
Stamped British hearts to dust that could not yield,
And Arthur now on wings of night must go,
A deathless chough about a conquered land.

XXI.

AT THE LAND'S END.

HAD I but been with that adventurous soul
Who by sore need, or love of wandering
pressed,
Pushed flocks and children towards the glowing west,
And crossed the ocean river, but found no goal :
From Thames to where the Tamar's waters roll
Moved tent and gods, till, on this bastion crest,
He felt of all earth's mystery possessed,
And deemed of men and lands he knew the whole —
I too had marvelled : yet unto his ears
From forth the sunset vigorously out-thrown
Sounds of another world perchance were borne ;
He heard within the waves the sighs and fears
Of human hearts as restless as his own,
And fain would follow further from the morn.

XXII.

FOAM-FRINGE AT GURNARD'S HEAD.

T^RERYN, the castled, stands towards the tide,
Grey-lichened, gold-incrusted, green with
moss,
And all day long, the waves about her toss
White arms of foam, as jealous of her pride,
But ever down the darkened ledges slide
The baffled waters. Though no more the cross
Shines o'er the flaming torch to save from loss,
Her mystic strength in storm has never died.
How like a soul that in the tides of sin
Beats back the waves of passion, and secure
Makes of those tides new power for innocence,
Does this victorious headland seem to win
From out the raging waves a silver fence,
Wreathed of white foam-bells, peaceable and pure.

XXIII.

NEW QUAY.

A S if by foes behind them hotly prest,
The pale battalions of the houses stand
Upon the utmost verge of the dark land,
And look for help to rise beyond the west,
Where the sun sinks blood-crimson ; but the crest
Of wave on wave falls sullen on the strand,
Faints into foam that dies, and still no hand
Is near to give the routed army rest.
There as I gazed I heard between the foam
And those brown cavernous cliffs, that split the bay,
And swirl the rising waters either way,
That happiest sound of children, spade on spade,
Patting the mimic castles they had made,
And fear gave place to peace, and joy, and home.

XXIV.

THE CAIRNS, TREVALGA HEAD.

THE storm-winds break as whitely on Trevose,
And bruise Trevalga's cliff to lilac stain,
As when they bore thee from the battle plain
And laid thee on this headland, and there rose
Cries of a kingless people, and the woes
Of friends who felt all victory was vain,
If here above the melancholy main
Beneath his mound the victor must repose.
Yet what he did was very bravely done :
He slew the wolf, he tamed the long-horned ox,
Broke the wild tribes who warred upon his throne,
And saved his people and his people's flocks—
And so they set him with his axe of stone
Among the mews that wail about the rocks.

XXV.

THE NUNNERY OF LANHERNE, MAWGAN.

I ASKED the sad-faced, necessary priest,
“ How fare you, brother, in this solitude ? ”
“ To be alone,” said he, “ for souls is good,
And I, that am the least among the least,
Have round about me flower and bird and beast,
Bright presences that sociably intrude,
And fill in fellowship my loneliest mood,
With inarticulate joy that has not ceased.”
And as he spake, about his ears there fell
A shower of scented blossom, and the drone
Of bees and lapse of waters, clang of daws,
Mixed with the well-contented rooks’ applause
Among their nests. Methought I, too, could dwell,
Lanherne, in thy sweet valley, and alcne.

XXVI.

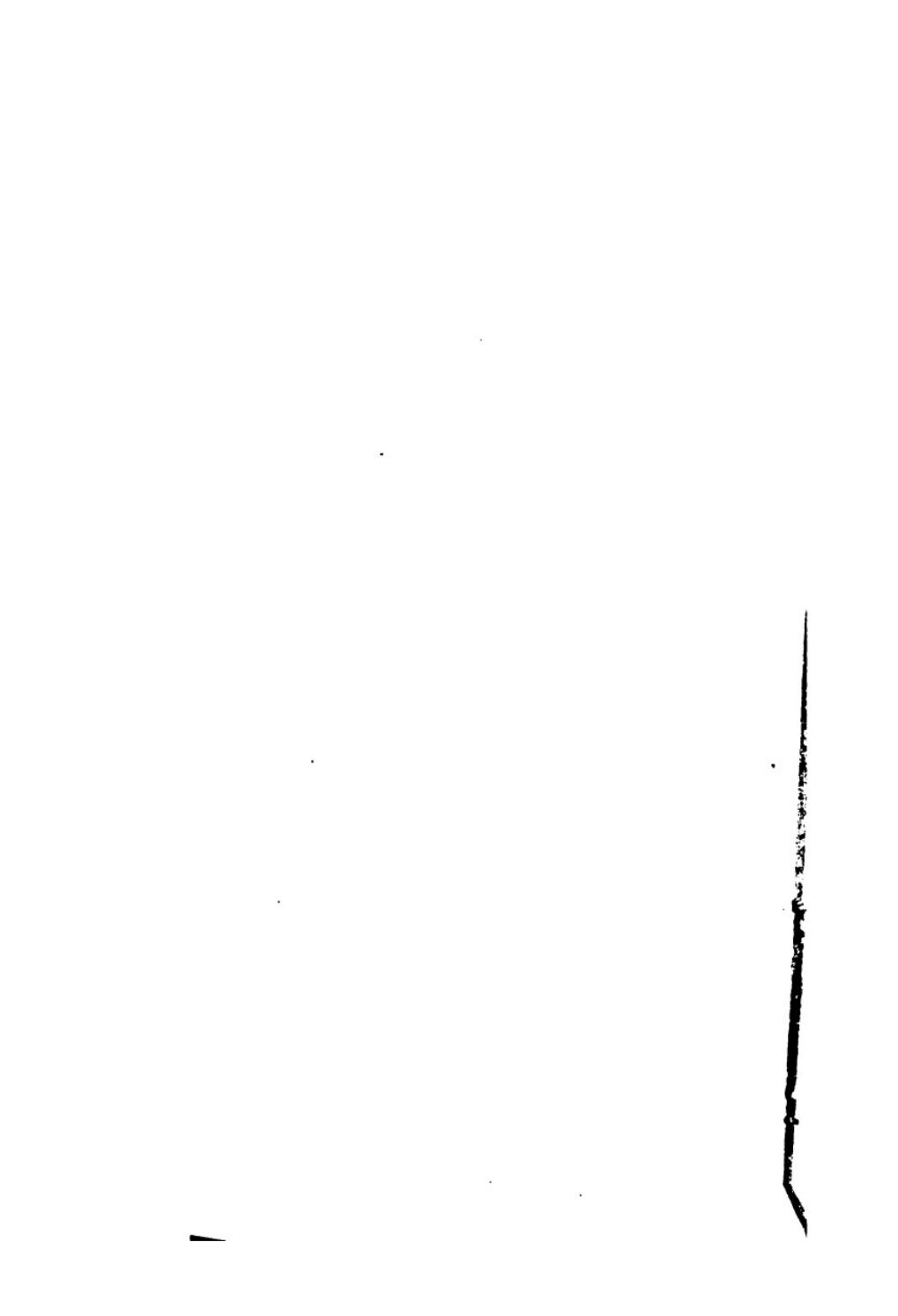
*A CORNISH SAINT, MAWGAN.
IN MEMORIAM MARY DAVY, OBIIT MAY 18, 1884.*

L ORD, how impartially Thou dost prepare
For this world's contradiction, holy lives :
Now noble dames, now humble peasant wives,
Are called to trim their lamps with earnest care,
And wait the Bridegroom. In her curious chair
Close prisoner, still this aged saint contrives
Largesse of love for all who come, and gives,
From parish pittance, more than life can spare.
Beneath the high starched cap her angel face
Is lined with sorrow that has made her wise,
Solemn she speaks, and yet she smiles with grace ;
In her have met the two eternities :
A Love that would all human hearts embrace,
A Faith that fain would people Paradise.

Told for a Memorial (J. Nisbet and Co.).

BOOK III.

**SONNETS OF THE BRISTOL
CHANNEL.**



I.

MOON-THIRST:

WHO knows—yon ancient planet waterless,
Once swayed with ocean ; yonder caves,
whence night
Not ever is dispelled, were swum with light,
And floods and verdurous mountains felt the stress
Of winds that smote the shining capes, to bless
Woodlands with power and ships with men of might :
While cloud-encircled and more softly bright
The moon walked on in gleaming spotlessness ?
Now, cold of heart, and evermore accursed
With death, white ashes strewn upon her head,
Blind on her course the haggard phantom moves ;
But fierce and unallayable her thirst,
To Earth's far seas in vain her hands are spread ;
She strains to tilt the ocean cup she loves.

II.

BRISTOL.

NO more through prayerful gardens glides the
Frome :

The steam-gods, perched upon their pillars high,
Patch with their breath the weary, worn-out sky ;
Hill-sides are white with smoke, not apple-bloom ;
A red sun glares through the perpetual gloom ;
Men stay not now to ask who passes by ;
From the vexed Avon ever comes the cry
Of anxious steamers, questioning—" Is there room ? "
The white sails mix, and move from street to street,
The quays are coloured with the dust of ware ;
Whole nations at the landing-places meet,
And foreign cargoes perfume all the air ;
Only at night, men hear the loud clock's beat
And souls regain the anchorage of prayer.

III.

THE DRAWBRIDGE, BRISTOL.

IN the laborious heart's exchange there lies
A secret chamber, silent, all apart ;
Men's tears at sudden hush will ever start.
Old City, hoarse with manufacture's cries,
Whose noise acclaims the busy enterprise,
Lo ! at the clamorous centre of thy heart,
The solemn waters hush the wrangling mart,
And peaceful floods bear up thine argosies.
The imprisoned waves, that quite forget to beat,
Stir to the ocean's pulses twice a day ;
Then, like a dream, the silent-footed fleet
Moves to its perfect rest beside the quay ;
And Bristol, through thy fevered nerves is sent
A touch of peace, a sense of calm content.

IV.

SPIRE OF SAINT MARY REDCLIFFE.

BY spar and shroud, with their untutored hands,
The vessels write their runes upon the sky ;
Their sails, the careful seamen spread to dry,
Seem April clouds entangled in the strands :
A multitude from multitudinous lands,
Prow close to prow, in friendly purpose lie ;
And queen of masts, among the forestry,
Sun-white Saint Mary's spire in beauty stands.
Ship of the Church, these vessels will not stay—
For prize, fresh gains, new venture, will be gone :
Unlading at thine anchorage alway
Though rough tides threaten, still thou holdest on,
Not bartering truth for beads and trumpery,
Thy cargo—Reason, Love, Fraternity.

V.

TO A THRUSH HEARD ON CLIFTON DOWN.

CLEAR-THROATED minstrel ! what desires
can move
Thee, in thy branchy, mist-empurpled swing,
When woods are cold, and winds are sorrowing,
Thus to rehearse thy last-year notes of love,
To thrill with all thy heart the listening grove,
To sit, and, with no surety of the spring,
To answer every voice the breezes bring,
And thine excelling championship to prove ?
In the dead winter of an early sorrow,
No thought of quickening spring my spirit cheers ;
But as I hearken, of thy strength I borrow,
Hope with thy music mingles in mine ears,
Thou, who so cheerly settest forth the morrow
While round thee million buds are wet with tears !

VI.

ON THE DOWNS, NEAR BRISTOL.

THE lounging Roman, who, in days of yore,
Watched the low galley from the Severn side
Crawl with its hundred arms upon the tide,
Or disembark the green-incrusted ore,—
He wist not of thy rising, Bristol, more
Than I, who on this sunny rock astride,
Can think that yonder ships in dumbness glide
To dockyard clamour, and to harbour roar.
Eye-blinding selfishness ! the conqueror dreamed
No other city mightier than Rome,
And I, who to these silent downs have come,
For me alone their health and beauty seemed,
Nor thought I once, beyond the hill there lies
A city's travail, with its throes and cries !

VII.

TENNYSON AT CLEVEDON.

H E missed the fresh, salt, eastern airs that blow,
The mills that toss their white arms in the
wind ;
His father's ashes he had left, to find
Love's ash inurned where Severn's waters flow.
Here in the marsh the hollow reeds might grow—
Sweet stops to suit the sorrow of his mind ;
But grief needs friendly ears to keep it kind,
The ear he loved lies quiet ash below.
Then to sad eyes thy cottage gave reproof—
Thy cottage, Coleridge, by the western sea,
Its simple chimneys and its gable-end ;
For he remembered there his chamber-roof,
Hid in thy whispering poplars, Somersby !
And the lone poet found in thee a friend.

VIII.

OLD CLEVEDON CHURCHYARD.

WHERE Hallam rests upon his hill-side green,
An arm the dark land puts to sea, and
there

Two isles are lifted, separate and sheer ;
With constant watch the Severn moves between :
On this one, silence evermore hath been,
From that, by day the cannon's voice is clear,
At night, a flame to vessels far and near,
The crimson-headed lighthouse tower is seen.
Ye rock-built monuments that stand apart,
One dark and dumb, one loud and lit with fire,
Emblems of those immortal friends ye are !
Death's waters flow betwixt you,—one, his heart
Is hushed ; one's love is loud, his words of fire
Shine through grief's night, a pure memorial star.

IX.

HENBURY PLAIN.

YE kindred spirits of the earth and sea,
Who love the greeny levels of the main,
For ease of foot lies stretched yon even plain,
Enamelled green as springtide grass may be.
But if to hunt for posies ye agree,
White garlands from the sunny waves to gain,
Lo, daisies flash, where sprang white drops of rain,
Waves break in bloom from tree to hawthorn-tree !
And are ye loth to leave that silver store
The giddy Wye the solemn Severn yields ?
A larger treasure waits you in these fields,
Youth, calm, and beauty mingle on the shore.
There, one low tune the shells are whispering ;
Here, echo ranges while the gay birds sing !

X.

TINTERN ABBEY.

WHEN with strict clause and overbearing creed
Men cramped the truth, then, Tintern, it
was well,

The hurricane of kingly passion fell
Upon thy splendour ! For God's flower has need
Of light and air ; and, like the thistle-seed,
Must flutter here, and there must, pausing, dwell.
Oft self, not Christ, chose out the hermit's cell,
Unfeeling use, not love, would count the bead.
Grey ruin, with thy protestant reproof,
The clouds do paint, the stars emboss thy roof,
Where stone was carved, green ivy sculptures thee ;
Warm-hearted sunshine now may enter free ;
And I, who crush the daisies as I kneel,
Can thank thy founders, and their purpose feel.

XI.

AT TINTERN ABBEY.

PEACE, Strongbow, peace ! God rest thee, Walter
Clare ;
And thee whose sons did bear thee to thy grave !
The tended turf has muffled all the nave,
And tufts of green have carpeted the stair ;
And if we hear not now the hum of prayer,—
Far oxen's mellow cry, the fall of wave,
The pattering rain, the moan of winds that rave,—
Such sounds, of your old lives will keep us 'ware !
No more De Bigod's deeds of battle flame
From storied panes along the chancel floor,
For God has filled the window to His Name
With cloud, and mountain, and with sunny moor ;
And through the open quatrefoils, in spring,
Where sad monks chanted, joyous blackbirds sing.

XII.

THE DRAKESTONE EDGE.

O H, where is heaven more near, the earth more fair?

About their pools the quiet farms are seen ;
Elms canopy the flock, the hawthorns screen
The fresh young wheat, and every rippling square
Proclaims man's toil and God's continual care ;
A flood of pearl, the Severn shines between,
And black and busy from the hills of Dean
The mines send forth their witness to the air.
Walls fence the farms, trees fence the sunny fields,
Sails watch the land, and mountains watch the sails,
High overhead Heaven's solemn guard prevails,
And earth is bright with vision of God's peace ;
But Tyndale, thy strong tower can tell that eyes
Beyond such scene beheld God's Paradise.

BOOK IV.

**SONNETS OF THE WELSH
COAST.**

I.

THE SEASONLESS OCEAN.

EARTH has its seasons, lo ! the forests burn
To winter ash, or flutter into green ;
But thou, with heart unchangeable, hast seen
No fresh-born colour with the spring return.
Thy snows are strewn with strangest unconcern
On August waves, thy moving fields are green
In cold mid-winter : centuries intervene,
Stars set, but none thy long year's changes learn.
Across the unimpressionable plains
Of water seasonless, the seasons move ;
Though that proud equatorial flame, the sun
Stoops still to send new summer through thy veins
Not ever yet thy ocean face was won
To tell which way the glancing swallows rove.

II.

AT BARMOUTH.

SWEET is the house that breathes the ocean air,
High o'er the sunny beach and tide of green :
If you would enter, you must push between
Valerian's coral fringe, and mount a stair
Wet with the honey-dew ; there, simple fare
Is swiftly spread ; there, wearied, you may lean
On couches fit for sea-dreams ; freshly clean,
The rooms are bright with hospitable care.
Thence you may view how Mawddach to the sun
Gleams, how the moon o'er Turra rises slow,
And cool at evening watch the wan sea fall :
But if you choose to climb the crystal wall
Of Bermo's crag, aloft the rock-steps run
To where the heather and the foxgloves grow.

III.

THE ABERMAW.

A S if beyond the height where Mawddach dreams,
From Diphwys, Arran, or the Giant's chair,
The deep blue fountains of the middle air
Had broke, and swept in countless sunny streams
To flood of diamond azure, Aber gleams—
Sings through the bridge without a sign of care,
And slips by Bermo's island-shoal of prayer,
Till one great turquoise, flood with ocean seems.
River of Heaven, the men who drank the Dee
Fought bravely, bravely fought Glendower's men,
Remembering thee and green Dolgelly's dales ;
Thou art as free and beautiful as then,
And like a lover, the unconquered sea
Follows thee daily to the heart of Wales.

IV.

LOW TIDE IN THE ESTUARY, BARMOUTH.

THE river failed as if a wizard's wand
Had smote it ; where dark Idris mirrored lay,
Behind his woody skirts and range of grey,
Was unreflecting waste and wrinkled sand ;
No life, no light, but here and there a band
Of hyacinthine blue, that stole away,
Like to a guilty thing, toward the bay,
And left the boats heeled helpless on the strand.
Then from the central sea a whisper came,
The salt white water swam as smooth as oil,
Swept o'er the shoals of sun and flickering gold.
Other, but inconceivably the same,
Incessant, but without a sign of toil,
Renewing all, the generous tide was rolled.

V.

*BARMOUTH SHORE.
A WALK TO LLANABER.*

THE sea was moveless azure in the bay,
 Yet the blue sea of Heaven was white with
 foam,
As if the winds for mischief's sake would roam
To steal the sense of too great calm away.
Great Turra stretched a marvellous inlay
Of wall and wood towards the Giant's home ;
And Hebog's hill, Carnarvon's bride, had come
Across the waters in her veil of grey.
I left the rushy hillocks, and I strolled
Along the purple shore that pulsed with heat,
To where Llanaber's fathers o'er the tide
Sleep till the tides are not ;—a death-bell tolled—
Rest for the weary-hearted ones is sweet,
Dear God ! to-day 'twere bitter to have died !

VI.

A RETROSPECT FROM MAWDDACH CRAG.

O NCE more I sit on Mawddach's craggy height
And hear the green grasshopper at his fun ;
Mad fellow he, with hawkweed for his sun,
Whose stars by day—he knows not any night—
Are clustered saxifrages. His delight
Fills me : my days far inland back have run,
I feel as if some wizard hand had spun
My cares, my age, my sorrow, out of sight.
But as I gaze, the emerald tide beneath
Shrinks, and to clouded azure seems to turn,
And from the depths the barren sands arise ;
And I—again the tears are in mine eyes—
I know my years are flowing out to death,
Are leaving sand and shallow, and I mourn.

VII.

BARMOUTH BRIDGE.

NOT for thy beauty, with thy thousand feet
Stretched over idle sand and stormy tide—
Not for thy voice, though ever at thy side
Eolian whispers in the gale are sweet—
Do men revere thee ; but because the fleet
Fire-breathing chariots safely o'er thee glide,
And ere thy long, low, thunder-roll has died,
The news of half the world is in the street.
Yet, Barmouth Bridge, tho' Arthog's wood by thee,
And Turra's sunny slope and torrent streams,
Seem presences that dance across thy span,
I count thee dear for this—the gentlest man
Who ever wove the sonnet from his dreams
Thought of thy wonders rising from the sea.

VIII.

COTTAGES OF ST. GEORGE, BARMOUTH.

MASTER of men, who love this land too well
To say and do not—they who climb this
height,

And after toil find peasants' rest at night,—
They know your purpose ; these your name will tell
With gladness, for their lives have felt the spell
Of this grey rock, and their grey eyes are bright,
Their hearts like eagles, light as air is light ;
High-souled, above the sordid earth they dwell.
They have no greed of wealth, the saxifrage
Has starred the cottage roof with guiltless gold,
And far beneath the liquid sapphire shines ;
Their heads are hoar, but when in silver lines
The old sea breasts the bar with noble rage,
They feel its vigour through their bosoms rolled.

IX.

THE TORRENT WALK, DOLGELLY.

A CROSS the bridge and thro' the huddled town,
Along the oak-clad river bank we passed,
Our eyes perforce were ever backward cast
To where dark Moel looked in grandeur down ;
But still The Torrent claimed us for its own,
And those grey Arrans eastward held us fast,
Till sudden, at the tale of blood aghast,
We fronted Offryn, and its hideous frown.
We turned to thread a hollow murmuring vale,
From step to step a streamlet downward sprung,
Now laughing white, now solemn pool on pool ;
No more distressed for Cymric Offryn's tale,
From sun to shadow, and from heat to cool,
We heard a torrent speak our English tongue.

X.

HARLECH.

ABOVE the waves shine out the milk-white
sands,
High o'er the sands a headland rock, o'ergrown
With ivy, wears a castle for its crown,
And gold with soft sea-lichen, Harlech stands.
Sighs of a captive maid, the fierce commands
Of Collwyn, mad with Gwynedd, and the frown
Of Owain Glyndwr struggling for his own,
And Anjou's Margaret wringing anguished hands,—
These, Harlech, at thy bidding start from sleep.
But most, when winds are hushed, and tides are low,
From thy round-towered sanctuary steals
A tramp of men, a clash of armèd heels,
And by the music's mellow march I know
How, four years long, great David held the keep.

XI.

*BRONWYN THE FAIR.
HARLECH.*

SMALL wonder that the child of Brân the blest,
Grew into grace no prince's wealth could dower,
Seeing her hair shone yellow as the flower
That gilds the plain in summer, and her breast
Was white as is the sand that curls its crest
Seaward to bar the ocean ; from her tower
Her blue eyes saw blue tides that changed each hour,
And golden heaved the waters to the west.
But whether June had laid the land in gold,
Or winter swept its silver to the green,
When larks leapt up to shake the air with glee,
Or hoarsely on the beach the wave was rolled,
Her being drank all beauty from the scene—
Yet one thing lacked : wave, air, bird, flowers were free.

XII.

THE BURIED CITY OF CARDIGAN BAY.

WHEN son of Seithyn—be his name accursed—
Because he could not brook the drunkard's
shame

Yet would be drunkard, felt his blood aflame
Against the king who made him chief and first ;
And so from banquet stole, and let the thirst
Of that old sea share with him drunkard's name,
He deemed the depths would bury his ill fame,
And fearlessly Caer Gwyddno's dams he burst.
The moon was full, flowed in the salt sea tide,
O'er farm and byre the bitter waters ran,
Reconquered all man's war from ocean won,
But still the breezes sigh, as Gwyddno sighed,
And still along the shores of Cardigan
The storm-waves hiss a curse for Seithyn's son.

BOOK V.

**SONNETS OF THE LANCASHIRE
AND CUMBERLAND COASTS.**



I.

EAST AND WEST.

B EYOND the marsh and reedy meadow land,
By that old rampire that the Romans drew,
In boyish exultation for the view
Of waves that filled the creeks and swept the strand,
How oft I ran bare-footed, spade in hand,
To mound my rampire, cheering on the crew
Of brother-builders where the tide broke through,
Upon that happiest reach of eastern sand !
Grey shore ! bewitcher of my boyhood's days,
The shadows lengthen, westward now I turn
To that sweet sister beach of sand and shells
And rushy margent, backed by Cumbria's fells,
Where ocean bends, and sunsets burn and burn
In glory and illimitable praise.

II.

THE TOWER ON THE HOAD, ULVERSTON.

LOOK from thy tower—strong wish we mortals have
That deeds should be remembered after death—
Look forth, and tell the listening lands beneath,
From torchy Furness to the charnel cave
Of Heysham's cliff, that since the Leven's wave,
With confluent Craik, at tide-time held its breath
And halted up the vale, no surer wreath
Than duty honoured can outlive the grave !
If hence no rosy star at sunset gleam,
To guide the keel that beats from shoal to shoal,
And cheer the sailor on his lonely road,
White as thy tower, high-lifted, still must beam
The lamp that lit thee, Barrow, to thy goal,
A nation's honour on thy native Hoad.

III.

A LAUNCH FROM THE FURNESS DOCKS.

DREAD expectation seals our open lips :
A hundred hammers fall, their work is done ;
Out from the keel the busy craftsmen run,
The tender riband that a child's hand snips,
Looses the giant down the groaning slips,
And, with a thrill of life through every ton,
It leaves behind a rift of sky and sun,
And plunges seaward, mightiest of ships.
A toy, the ponderous anchor leapt and ploughed,
But ere the smoking of its passage died,
I saw the breakers turn and toss ashore
The flotsam of its cradle-timbers proud,
Prelude of wreck, indignant that it bore
Another burden laid upon the tide.

IV.

BLACK COMBE.

WHO leaves the Ruin of the Nightshade dale,
The clouds of Furness, and the stithy roar,
And seeks by Duddon, Millom's haunted shore,
Or stands on Ireleth's slopes of quarry shale,—
Must feel, Black Combe, thy mystery prevail.
Not unimpressed by thee did men of yore
Broider thy skirts with Druid circles hoar,
They heard thee speak with words that never fail.
About thy mottled flanks of green and gold,
Strange organ-notes of worship from the sea
Steal up and die, or linger half expressed ;
And added sounds of human melody
Tell, how repentant Lancelot, in his quest
For peace, found God, foreshadowed here of old.

V.

ESKMEALS.

O H, joy, where sea and river waters meet,
To watch how swift the wading dotterels ply
Their rosy stilts in pools of bluest sky,
To hear cool sprinklings from their dainty feet !
To lean and listen to the flutings sweet
Of sandpiper, or sad-voiced plover's cry;
While the grave heron at his fishery
Gleams like a silver sickle through the heat !
Blest be the tide that bared these tawny shelves,
For such a world of food and innocent play !
Man, weary man, with sorrow digs and delves,
But is not glad in winning bread, as they,
Who wait on God, and, careless of themselves,
Take that which Nature else had thrown away.

VI.

AT KING HENRY'S CHAPEL, MUNCASTER.

WHERE Esk in curves and coils of moony light
Gleams down the vale and passes to the sea,
They tell how royal Henry once did flee,
A crownless king, from Hexham's bloody fight ;
And how rude shepherds, on a summer night,
Found, and conveyed him, where, on loyal knee,
Stout Pennington did pledge his own roof-tree
For safety, till the Red Rose had the right.
If morn had brought to that unhappy king
Vision of stately trees enleaved with gold,
Or half the beauteous calm mine eyes behold,
Sure it had been a sad awakening—
Such reminiscence of his golden state,
And he, discrowned, forsaken, desolate !



VII.

*A QUIET AUTUMN DAY,
FROM THE TERRACE AT MUNCASTER.*

FETCHED from the solemn deeps, at flow of tide,
The Esk brought sun and silence to the vale ;
The yellow woodlands, weary with the gale,
Murmured no more ; on Birkby's russet side
Clouds dropped their quiet shadows ; far and wide
Scawfell looked forth, beneficently pale ;
While rooks, at mellow distance, told the tale
Of hearts content and hunger satisfied.
A soft wind set the thistle dancers free,
And, like the ripple of a sunlit stream
Running in air, it shook the thousand hues
Of leaf to radiance : it was hard to choose—
The forest waking from a golden dream,
The dreamless slumber of the silver sea.

VIII.

*AT MUNCASTER,
AFTER THE GALE OF DECEMBER 11, 1883.*

WILD was the wind, which, out of darkness
borne,
From that dread West of evil and of death,
Broke on your royal pines, and with fierce breath
Blasted the life of centuries. Forlorn,
The squirrel wakened to a bitter morn ;
The rookery clanged unresting ; and beneath,
The shy stag browsed in wonder, with the wreath
Of Christmas ivy hung upon his horn.
I grieve not for the pines—with faithfulness
Their masts may bend in many a stout ship set,
Outriding Death, triumphant o'er the gale :
This is the burden of my vain regret,—
Whene'er I wander down the woodland vale,
I hear the groans of innocence in distress.

IX.

*THE DEATH OF OLAF THE DANE—
SUNSET BEYOND THE ISLE OF MAN.*

FULL of the Northmen's mission deeds, I strolled
Along the beach that looks to Mona's isle,
In marvel how the Cross set up by guile
Could preach a God of human love, and mould
Men into Christ-like shape, or ever hold
A dying Saviour on it. Hakon's wile,
His pagan, beast's life : Olaf's god-like smile,
And brave, untreacherous hands, made answer bold.
Then, as of Astrid's warrior child I thought,
He took such giant size, that Mona's shore
Seemed the Long-Serpent hull Earl Eric fought,
And the horizon weltered as with gore ;
While through the purple waves, with sun for shield,
He sank to death, who had not learned to yield.

X.

*HOME FROM THE EAST.
AMONG THE DRIGG SAND-HILLS.*

WHO gives his fancy reins to wander free
Among the sand-built dunes of Cumbria's
coast,
Again may follow Israel's flying host
By Pihahiroth's sedges and the sea ;
Or, wrapt in recollection's dream, may be
Where Negeb's plain to waves of sand is tost,
And hear, by Gaza's ruin—well-nigh lost
Beneath the drifts of desert—God's decree.
He tracks the moon-foot camel in the sand,
Hunts in the rushes for the bustling quails,
Then tops the bank, and views with glad surprise,
O'er Wastdale's plain the brown-backed Screes arise,
With Scaw, blue guardian of the sister vales,—
And this is home, and this is Cumberland.

XI.

THE LIGHT-SHIP, SEEN FROM SEASCALE.

SARCE has the sun, in rosy-jewelled might,
Sunk, when thy double gems with sweet surprise
Spring from the dusky waters, and the eyes
Of mariners bless thee all the weary night.
Oh, never stars in heaven with more delight
Were hailed, than these wave-risen ! Lo, outflies
A roseate gleam and into darkness dies,
Then, thro' the tempest, flashes into white.
So, heart, must thou, in dangerous waters set,
Flash from the lamp of truth its many hues,
With pause alternate, thro' the trembling dark—
Thy light, such light as care-worn faces, wet
With sad salt water, cannot fail but choose
To steer by, when for home they sail their bark.

XII.

*THE DRUID STONE NEAR MILLBECK,
SEASCALE.*

THY lips are dumb, thy sisters in the grave,
But thou, sole witness of a god unknown—
Dercetis, Bel, or Dagon—still dost own
Possession of the secrets that we crave.
To thee the fisher sought, and huntsman brave,
When moorlands heard the horn at sunrise blown ;
By thee, when Mona's altar fires were shown,
The lamp was lit that flashed on yonder wave.
If Seascale's copse and oaks of Drigg have waned,
And pearls no longer at thy feet are laid,
From Esk and Duddon by the votary brought ;
Still to thy stone of help is reverence chained,
With sense of lonely watching, and the thought
Of silent faith—here vows anew are made.

XIII.

BRAVE SAILING.

A S when the sailor by the Cumbrian strand,
Worn by the equinox, looks out and sees,
Betwixt Black Combe and russet-red Saint Bees,
The restful harvest yellow on the land,
And almost would his keel had smote the sand
So, by the wall of Wastdale's purple screeς,
His life might share the ploughman's life of ease—
Yet hoises sail, nor bates of heart nor hand ;
I too, when tossing in the weary strife,
The storm of party, hurricane of creed,
Look forth for any tempting haven near,
And almost wish, by wreck from service freed,
A simple shepherd's comfortable life—
But still out seaward to the wind I steer.

XIV.

AT SEASCALE.

HERE, as we walk along the quilted shore,
Dusted with diamond, rich with shell's inlay,
We watch the fringe of foam, that far away
Broiders the hem old ocean ever wore,
Remade each moment, lovelier than before :
So gold the grassy banks at shut of day,
'Twixt red Saint Bees and Black Combe, sailors say
Grey Cumbria's coast is barred with molten ore.
But not the salt sea broidery, nor the beach
Purpled by shifting light, with murmur loud,
Enchants him most who wanders wrapt in thought ;
But, as he hears the ocean's marvellous speech
And sees in mirrors wet the flying cloud,
Heaven's wings, Heaven's voices, nearer him are
brought.

XV.

THE PREACHER'S SEASIDE LESSON.

THOU art the prophets' tutor ; day by day,
Thy voice, wind-driven, sounds along the beach,
Whether it hear or hearken not. Thy speech
Is true, for everlasting : thou dost say
Things brought from depths and distance far away ;
And, lest thy rhythmic utterance fail to reach
Deaf ears, successive sentences shall preach,
Line upon line, rolled inward to the bay.
Judgment and death may be thy parable,
But life and light spring ever from thy grave,
And worship ;—rapturous clapping of thy hands
In praise of Him who painted every shell,
Who called leviathan to ride the wave,
And laid thy limit on the fearless sands.

XVI.

THE OLD WRECK AT SEASCALE.

WEIGHED down, in utter helplessness it lies,
Whose buoyant youth was lighter than the
wave ;
Each storm, the robber-winds unseal its grave
And of its bones would fain make merchandise.
Led by the moon, sea-waters sympathise ;
E'en hands that snatch, some sense of pity have ;
Deeper in sand each day—the boon they crave—
Its sorrows sink from out the seaman's eyes.
So may it be when storms my life shall strand
On treachery's shoal or disappointment's reef :
May the same tide that drove my hull to land
Break up my being far beyond relief ;
And waves, that wrecked, reach out a pitying hand
To gulf my sorrow, and to hide my grief.

XVII.

THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE.

OCTOBER 17, 1881.

A S one, new-come from a secluded vale,
Lies down to rest beside the wakeful deep,
But troubled with its trouble cannot sleep
For cries of sailors sounding in the gale,
And hears the cruel ocean's harrowing tale
Told to a land it threatens to o'ersweep,
Nor thinks the tide its boundary must keep,
That stars still shine and vessels still may sail ;—
So when I hear the half-articulate cries
From Ireland's alien-hearted children, blown
Through the dark night of riot, to our shore,
I too forget that passion's tide goes down,
How cliffs of Justice stem all waves that rise,
And Truth steers safe, if stars of Love shine o'er.

XVIII.

ROCK RUINS AT SEASCALE.

DID waves indignant here with storm invest
Some castle huge, and straw it on the sand ?
Or did the Viking rangers of this land,
Who bade yon stone tree Yggdrasil attest
That Christ, not Balder, was the Captain blest,
Build here a ladder huge whereon to stand,
Whence all the waves to Mona might be scanned,
And every sail be questioned from the west ?
No answer comes : the stones are hoar and strange,
Hairy with weeds, with limpets overgrown ;
They keep their secret well ; tide after tide
Their heads beneath the ocean's brim they hide ;
No storm their dumb confederacy can change,
Their call to fancy can no waters drown.

XIX.

THE GOSFORTH CROSS.

WE are not wiser than the seers of old,
Our Fathers,—they, twelve hundred years
 agone,

Hewed from its silent place this prophet-stone,
And bade the sacred Yggdrasil uphold
A Balder-Christ, whose triumphs should be told
In pagan picture :—here the battle won
By Horn's blast,—there the Horse with Death thereon
Cast down for years whose coil is endless rolled.
Preacher of Christ, stone-lipped, but not in vain :
Preacher of woman's love to help her Lord
By faithful tendance, yea, though earth should quake :
For, lo ! her feet upon the bruised snake,
Here Mary stands beside her Son in pain ;
There Loki's queen prevents the poison poured.

XX.

SEASCALE MEMORIES.

A S if the salt-sea-blood that years ago
 Won the fore-elder Vikings Cumberland,
Leapt in their veins, the glad, tumultuous band
Sped to the shore, and gleaming, to and fro
The bathers hurried ; some, more grave, would know
What treasures lay upon the generous sand,
And here and there the lover with his hand
Would trace a name the waves should hide at flow.
Ah, happy feet ; this fresh, unwrinkled shore
Forgives all mischief ye shall make in play,
And though to-morrow's sun shall find no trace
Of all your frolic—tides must rise apace,
Sorrow and pain—yet to the bitterest core
Of life's drear sands, shall sink the memory of to-day.

XXI.

THE PEACE OF UNDERSTANDING.

HERE, as I watch the ceaseless ebb and flow
Of these successive threateners of the land,
Spending their powers in vain, I understand
A little of the secret Peace must know ;
Peace that o'erlooks all storms, feeling, below,
Her feet are firm upon His high command
Who set the ocean swinging, in Whose hand
The great moon-weights move steady to and fro.
The fierce sea-chargers, even as they curve
Their necks sink foam-flecked on their knees fore-
done,
So pride o'er-reaching falls before the goal :
And those battalions coming bravely on,
Shout though they may, they cannot shake the nerve
Of him who knows how far the waves may roll.

XXII.

*ARCHBISHOP GRINDAL,
FOUNDER OF SAINT BEES GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1587.*

NO wonder, nursed in such a breezy home,
Betwixt the rosy headland in the west
And Cumbria's treeless wild, that to thy breast
Great thoughts, and free as ocean air, should come.
Thou saw'st heaven's light beyond the darkening foam
That held thee exile, and didst well attest
How God can crown a life, though dispossessed
Of royal favour and the siniles of Rome.
Still may we hear from courtly Spenser's lips
Of Algrind's life, the gentle and the wise,
And they who pass Saint Bega's shrine may name
Thee, bold for conscience' sake to welcome shame,
Thee with thine ample forehead, those mild eyes
That outfaced queens and suffered sad eclipse.

XXIII.

*TOMB OF THOMAS DE COTTINGHAM,
OBIIT 1300. SAINT BEES.*

STUBBORN of mouth, and with a stony eye,
Hands firm in prayer, full-robed with monkish
gown,
Well wears he cowl severe, and tonsure crown
Who now from stone beholds the passers by :
Great Thomas, he of Cottingham, might die,
The cloisters fall, the walls be overthrown,
But century after century still should own
How Brother Thomas ruled his Priory.
Rude were the times for mitre, cowl, or cope,
And rough the ways in rugged Cumberland ;
The road to Heaven is not more easy now.
Still must we labour on, and die in hope,
In his heart's cell must each still take the vow,
And still in prayer true hand be pressed to hand.

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XXIV.

*BEOWULF'S STONE, SAINT BEES.**MAMMON WORSHIP REBUKED.*

HERE, where the Cross is set, the red alcove
 No longer echoes with the call to sales ;
 Men leaving Church no longer talk of bales,
 And tax, and cess : their eyes are drawn above
 To where a dragon warrior, and dove
 Speak of a beast fierce-mouthed, with bristling scales,
 Whose passionate greed prevailed and still prevails,
 With whom this age must strive as others strove.
 Thrice happy change that they who here profess
 The Christ who preached down pelf, the Christ men sold,
 Should see in runes the trouble of our time,
 And feel each Sabbath, when the Church bells chime,
 How well the Cross and sacred dove express
 The warrior's hope against the beast of gold.

XXV.

*THE SNOW MIRACLE,
A LEGEND OF SAINT BEES.*

GO, Lady, ask Lord Lucy of his grace
To grant us land, so did Saint Bega say,
Where we may rear a house to watch and pray:
The storm that flung us to the landing-place
Robbed us of all. Lord Lucy from the chase
Came laughing home: Good dame, I answer, Nay,
Yet promise all on next Midsummer day
Is white with snow to mend the stranger's case.
God hath His book, St. Bega's prayer is won,
Vows made in haste are vows eternally:
There came the hallow-eve of Great Saint John,
Forth looked the young moon from a sultry sky;
But ere the night to Midsummer had gone,
Beneath the snow three miles of seaboard lie.

XXVI.

THE FORESTER'S TOMB, SAINT BEES.

NAMELESS the tomb, his forest-deeds unsung,
But this rude scrawl upon his monument,
Drawn as a child would draw, is eloquent ;
For there he stands, his huntsman's bow well-strung,
And overhead, the quarrel-pouch up-hung
Which round his girth was worn when forth he went
To hunt for venison in the woods of Deut,
Or rob the Sanwith she-wolf of her young.
Ah, since that day of hound and hawk and hood,
Which this stout archer of the Priory knew,
A blight has fallen upon Saint Bega's land ;
The rooks can scarcely find a nesting wood,
The steam-mills hoot where once the horn he blew,
And men are slaves in coaly Cumberland.

XXVII.

SAINT BEES.

S AINT BEGA'S Church peeps out behind the hill ;
Laid out upon the treeless upland wide,
No longer needs the village now to hide ;
Rotun the rover chief is dead, but still
As if it feared the ocean's treacherous will
It rests inland, and yet—the plowman's pride—
Those long-drawn fallows stretch toward the tide,
And sea-mews toss and tumble round his drill.
Here twice a day the sea-lips, deadly pale,
Are touched to life beyond the tawny cove,
And that old wizard scatters coraline,
Jacinth and onyx, then his pulses fail,
And, while the beach grows blank and grey above,
Long miles of liquid pearl, the wet sands shine.

XXVIII.

SEA-COTE, SAINT BEES.

ABOVE the grey-blue beach and yellow sand
Is set a milk-white hostelry apart,
Simple without, within of simple heart
And simple fare and hospitable hand.
To morning sun and evening twilight stand
Its portals open—groan of wain or cart
Comes seldom, round its eaves the swallows dart,
No noise disturbs the work their loves have planned.
Here oft the sea-bird's unfamiliar cry
Is borne to him who dreams upon his bed,
Hushed into slumber by the ocean's sound ;
And when the sun beyond dark Tomline's head
Has set aflame the sea and the wide sky,
Here rest is sure, and healthful sleep is found.

XXIX.

SEA-GULLS AT SAINT BEES.

M OVELESS of wing, as if by spell suspended,
About the ledges where their eggs are laid
The sea-mews hung, of no alarms afraid,
So well had height and depth their homes defended.
Yet with a wailing that was never ended
Far out to sea was lamentation made,
And, trembling up the cliffs, shade after shade
Like ghosts in grief ascended and descended.
It seemed as if the cries of all the pain
The travailing earth has felt, were there expressed ;
The tortured rocks were vocal with dismay :
As if all storms that ever wracked the main
Were finding utterance in the sea-bird's breast,
And sudden sorrow had possessed the bay.

XXX.

THE LARK ON TOMLINE HEAD.

TO sit and listen where two voices meet,
One the continual patter of the stream,
And one old ocean's murmurings, that seem,
Pause after pause, one utterance to repeat
As if for exhortation,—that were sweet,
While round the emerald beetles shoot and gleam,
Brown martlets cry, and lazy cattle dream,
And the curved beach is winking in the heat.
But, tireless minstrel, neither voice prevails
When thou dost sing—the giant, laid to sleep
Far up the valley, heard thy tender pleas
And wondering looked to heaven, while she the gales
Drove hither, in thy joy, forgot the deep
And all its perils—Abbess of Saint Bees.

XXXI.

*A DOUBTFUL MAY.
TOMLINE HEAD, SAINT BEES.*

THE thrift's rose-jewelled caskets in the wind
To fainter flowers each day are shaking free,
The larks are loud on Tomline Head for glee,
And eager school-boys down in Fleswick find
Rare primrose tufts, with violets, the pale kind
That take their colour from Saint Mona's sea :
With dazzling gold the gorse makes gay the lea,
The fragrant breezes have a May-day mind.
Inland o'er treeless wastes the cuckoo calls,
The new-sown fields are red from sky to sky,
But eastward, Skiddaw, like a winter ghost,
Gleams snowy cold, and hark ! with bitter cry
The nesting mews upon the seaward wall
Wail, as if May and all spring hopes were lost.

XII.

MUSIC OF TWO WORLDS, SAINT BEES HEAD.

O H wild wave-people, whose far-wandering breasts
Are white from miles of breaker, leagues of foam,
Here do ye well to build your fortress home,
For here the strange sea-murmur never rests.
Ever towards the cliff's gorse-gilded crests
Through tufts of thrift the hollow sounds will come,
So that your fledglings, wheresoe'er they roam,
Can ne'er forget the music of your nests.
Thrice happy birds, for, ere their wings shall grow,
Your children will have heard upon the steep
The best of sounds our sad old earth can give,
Song of the lark and distant cattle's low ;
So wandering over songless seas shall liye
As those whose souls two worlds of music keep.

XXXIII.

THE IMPERISHABLE GOSPEL.

A LEGEND OF THE SOLWAY.

WHEN, close behind, the Danish robbers cried,
And Lorton's lap no longer gave them rest,
They bore Saint Cuthbert's body to the west,
And fain beyond the wave their trust would hide ;
Against the vessel rose a sea, whose tide
Rolled back the Saint with blood, as if its breast
Were wounded to the heart, and all confessed
At Derwent's mouth the body must abide.
With loss it rose, with gain the tide sank low ;
The monks who sought their Gospel of the Lord,
Wave-washed from out the ship, found whole and fair
The jewelled gift of Eadfrid : storms may throw
Such jewels overboard, but God will care,
And lo, with added salt, regives His Word.

* Note 36.

XXXIV.

THE GLADNESS OF THE SEA.

LEAGUE after league of sunshine, and a face
As changeful as a lover's, in what love
The sea for tryst comes dancing up the cove ;
How light of heart, with what excess of grace,
Does wave on wave its brother shoreward race !
Thrice happy ocean, where thy waters move
Is health, and life, and hope for keels that rove,
Thou bearest home brave ships in thine embrace.
Thou seem'st to hold thy breath, then, laughing, roll
Up the long beach in roar of merriment,
And while the dolphins sport in happy shoal
Far seaward, and glad cries of children sent
Ring from the shore, thy tide has touched my soul,
And I am glad with thy deep-drawn content. .

BOOK VI.

**SONNETS OF THE NORTH-EAST
COAST.**



I.

ON SHINING SANDS.

WHEN I lament how many seem to go
Blurring the heaven reflected at their feet,
Unthinking that the upward gaze is sweet,
Not daring, oceanwards, to breast the blow
Of those long crashing walls of falling snow,
And, out beyond, the hurricane to meet,
Their blind lives ventureless and incomplete
Because so little of the world they know,—
A voice makes answer, You, who breast the foam
And look into the face of heaven, forget
The downcast hearts, sad eyes, and feebler hands :
For these the shores in glory shining wet
Make life's dull level seem an Angel's home ;
These find their rainbows on the foam-wreathed sands.

II.

*GEORGE WISHART,
MARTYRED AT SAINT ANDREWS, MARCH 1, 1545.*

DEEP in the Castle donjon by the sea
He heard the waves with intermittent shock
Boon—and the winds his misery seemed to mock
With voice of freedom—but his soul was free.
He knew false Peter held the prison key,
And one lie told, his fetters would unlock :
Willing he stood, self-shut within the rock,
And from that rock he drank perpetually,
Rock-natured grown. But since by that stern road
Of hissing faggot and slow shrivelling flame
Alone could fullest liberty be won,
Whilst the grim Cardinal looked moveless on,
He bore the Cross, contemptuous of the shame,
And passed through fire and tempest straight to God.

III.

*IN MEMORIAM PRINCIPAL SHAIRP,
SEPTEMBER 1885.*

LET Jura wail, the loud Atlantic sweep,
To Argyle's inland solitudes, forlorn,
By sound and firth let sobbing seas be borne
From that dark shore where song is laid asleep ;
For never gentler heart did climb the steep
Unwavering, never holier oath was sworn
Than his, who in his pure exalted morn,
Gave Nature's soul his innocence to keep.
Oh ! lost to human presences, not gone
From those who felt thine heart in thy right hand,
And knew it beat in time to all things true ;
Though sad the vales of Wordsworth's Cumberland,
And drear St. Andrew's ruin stands in view,
Though Isis weeps, thine angel lamp burns on.

IV.

*ON READING, AFTER HIS DEATH, PRINCIPAL
SHAIRPS LAST PUBLIC LECTURE ON HOGG,
THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.*

KING of the half-forgotten world of fays,
When Mab was queen among the Elfin band
A blight has fallen upon our northern land,
No Brownies dance down Ettrick's forest braes,
Where Douglas runs to Yarrow, but thy praise
Lives through his lips who well could understand
How Nature into flame thy fancy fanned,
And drank thy full imagination's rays.
No more on Hawkshaw Rig the shepherd's son
Weaves, to the murmur of melodious streams,
What tales he learned beside his mother's knee,
But somewhere on a lily-blossomed lea,
He leads the pure Kilmeny gently on,
And finds another friend to share his dreams.

V.

IN MEMORIAM PRINCIPAL TULLOCH,
FEBRUARY 1886.

GONE to the land of light and calm, in fear
For this dark day and our tempestuous time,
Already hast thou heard the silver chime
That ever doth our jarring earth ensphere.
Nor art thou friendless, thy devout compeer,
Who shared the toil of thy laborious prime,
Comes from those heavenly heights which angels climb
To lift the burden that thy shoulders bear.
And if before thine ears were stopped by Death
No message came of that last battle-cry,
Where friends fought fierce with argument for swords,
Thou knowest now, from out men's cloudy breath
And strife of indistinguishable words,
God rolls his car of Truth to Victory.

VI.

ON THE LINKS, SAINT ANDREWS.

NERVES at full stretch, with cool considerate
hand,
The golfer strikes, away the white ball flies,
And lost to sight, for all but practised eyes,
Scatters the dew, or runs along the sand.
Now by nice care, and choice of weighted wand,
Mid language strange, "cliques" "bunkers" "puts"
and "tries,"
The ball, that flew, creeps on, and halting, dies:
Dropped to the tomb towards which its course was
planned.
Another course there is, with diverse goals,
Two walk those Links, and neither are agreed:
Love with its angel wish to help and save,
Hate with desire to harm the woman's seed:
And o'er life's hill and hollow speed our souls,
By foe and friend close-followed to the grave.

VII.

*TO M. K. ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.
SAINT ANDREWS.*

EAR girl, of all the shells to-morrow's tide
Shall from the bounteous ocean cast ashore,
Though each some sweet congratulation bore,
One shell must needs be added, one beside
All others to be cherished ! It will hide
Within its whispering-gallery at the core
A jewel for thine ear ; sought out the more,
Lest oceanwards ungathered it may slide
For Aphrodite's keeping. Happy girl,
Upon whose brow the eighteenth March has set
Grace and sweet bloom, be wise, the god of Love
Works even of friendship sorrow. Pure the pearl
I offer for your birthday coronet :
Pearl is but pain with rainbow overwove.

VIII.

FAREWELL TO SAINT ANDREWS.

FAREWELL, thou city of the thousand years,
High o'er the reefs the Achaian sailors knew,
And Acca with his bold Northumbrian crew
Made famous. Strong sea-music in thine ears
Works its continual charm, and still thy seers
From thought's high cliff the storms of doubt may
view,
And guide to safety. Still in royal hue,
Though kings are past, young scholarhood appears.
Shades haunt thee—bishops, kings, one fair queen's
face,
Protesting martyr, Rome's fierce Cardinal,
And that stern Preacher, he who shook thy towers
And broke thine altars ; great amongst them all,
Those pillars of thine Academic bowers,
Gracious in wisdom one—one wise in grace.

IX.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

HIGH on its rock the ruddy castle glowed,
Like some huge monster, crawled from out
the seas,
The isles of Farne, Northumbria's Cyclades,
Broke the blue tide that toward the fortress flowed ;
Thither his forty keels bold Ida rowed,
There Aidan bent the saintliest of knees,
And Oswald's hand, that heard the beggar's pleas
And could not taste corruption, alms bestowed.
No saints seek refuge now, no warriors come,
Thy use is gone, thou tower-encircled steep —
But like the spring of Bebban's basalt well
Thou dost renew thy strength ; thy citadel
Is garrisoned with girls who learn to keep
By arts of peace the inviolable home.

X.

GRACE DARLING.

HE lies beneath her canopy of stone,
No sun comes nigh her now, nor any star,
But that tower-beacon, where the islets are,
Guards well her memory and the brave deeds done.
And still the oar by which her fight was won
Rests in her hand, and though the salt winds scar
Her face, and bruise her sleep, that tale of war
'Twixt soul and wave triumphantly goes on.
Land of the island warrior, since the day
That Saxon Ida and his forty prows
Brought force and passion and the sea-king's pride
To climb yon castle rock, this little bay
Has seen how deeds of battle fade, and knows
How only thoughts of mercy can abide.

XI.

AT ALNMOUTH.

NOT for the dead, not for the dead, O Lord,
But for the living ever in Thy sight,
The souls made perfect in the perfect light,
Whose hands are ever on truth's keenest sword,
For these we sorrow, and in full accord
Aln, as she winds from Percy's castled height,
Makes moan, yet runs unlingering to the bight
By yonder mound, where dead men's bones are stored.
But in this amphitheatre of green
There is such mimic gladiatorial show,
The net, the ball, the golf-club blow on blow,
That Aln runs back and brims her banks between :
Life, thoughtless life, as innocent as gay,
Has such strong power to charm, she needs must stay.

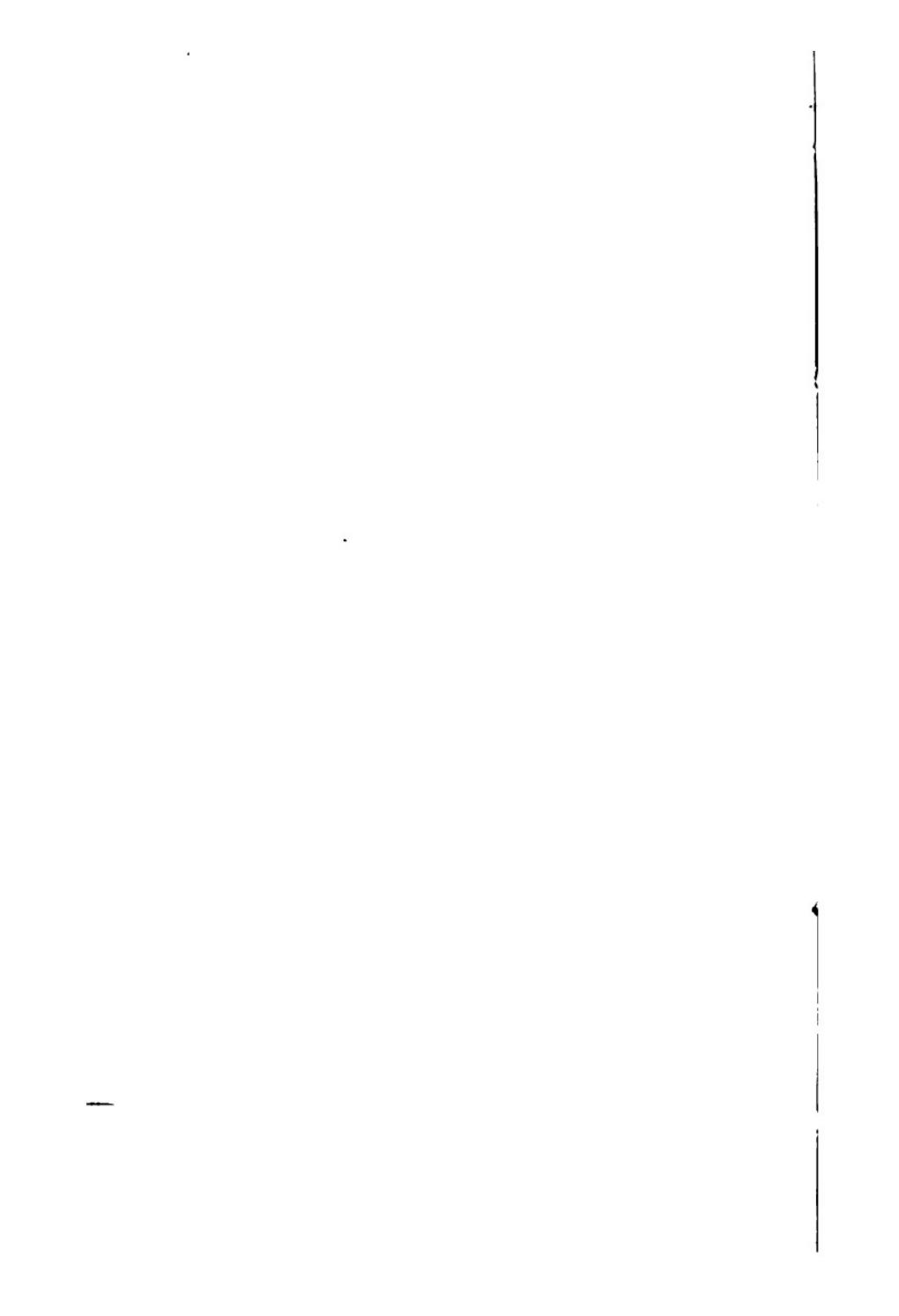
XII.

WARKWORTH CASTLE HILL.

H ERE, like a shy sad lover, comes the sea
And strives in vain to circle round thy waist,
Thou haughty hill, as proud as thou art chaste,
But still abashed must leave thee fancy-free.
Then when the rains have soaked the moorland lea,
The river woos thee, thou art nigh embraced
By one who knows the girdle to thy taste
And offers liquid gold for silver fee.
But never yet has that tower-circled brow
Stooped to be kissed of river or of wave ;
Thou art unfettered as the winds that rave,
And, such a sense of freedom thou hast won,
That even Fitzpatrick's bastions are laid low
To let thee kiss the stars and woo the sun.

BOOK VII.—PART I.

**SONNETS OF THE YORKSHIRE
COAST—SALTBURN.**



I.

A CHILD'S FACE ON THE SHORE.

D OWN to a quiet sea the shores incline,
So smoothed from sorrow, and so swept from
care,
A maiden's foot could scarce in trespass dare
To print thereon her solitary sign ;
But yesterday its brow was line on line
Scored deep, and aged,—to-day so young and fair ;
Yet waves that wrought the wondrous change up-bare
Shells closely shut, and jelly-fish that shine.
I could not grieve to think the tide of years,
Of pain and passion's heavy gall, should mar
Thine innocent, unmeditative face :
Furrows for thought, and channelling for tears,
Can of the hand that works them borrow grace,
Secrets like shells, and patience like a star.

II.

CLEVELAND.

HOW free and fair the land from Esk to Tees,
Where Gower grew great, and Roger Ascham
strolled,
Where that old Bible-rhymer, cloistered, told
His Saxon tale to sound of Whitby seas.
Fragrant of salt, the sunny upland lees
To purple moors, by lines of hedge, are rolled ;
The corn, plates all the seaward cliffs with gold,
And deep in streamlet hollows hide the trees.
Three harvests bless the labourer : fisher-sails
Hunt through the gleaming night the silver droves ;
And though great Vulcan's stithy sweats and rings,
And men have bruised the hills and mined the coves,
Still by his long-backed farm the thatcher sings,
And in the barn is heard the sound of flails.

III.

A NAMELESS GRAVE AT MARSKE.

“**H**IS father lies at Marske without a name,”
So runs the doggerel ; but the hero son
Name to the world—for that old father won
Memorial, and an honourable fame.
Nor shalt thou be forgotten, honest dame ;
When sheep were folded and the work was done,
Thou bad’st the boy spell letters one by one,
And by that gift a thirst of travel came,
With power to quench it. High on Easby Hill,
The shepherd-sailor’s deed of worth is told,
And Yorkshire honours her Columbus brave ;
But, long as Cleveland breeds sea-captains bold,
Shall Martin’s school-dame be remembered still,
And love seek out the nameless father’s grave.

IV.

THE HUNTCLIFF.

WHAT weird Protean changefulness impressed
Yon cliff, when layer on layer up it rose
Above the Saurian, in his fossil woes,
That thus all day, as if it could not rest
Content in one same royal purple dressed,
It needs must don such amethystine shows,
And, like a breathing thing that feels, disclose
Chameleon changes upward to its crest ?
Was it infected by the sapphire tide
That crawls in colour, restless, manifold,
Above the yellow seaweed at its feet ;
Or, does the world of shadows here compete
With lustrous sunshine, so that they, who hold
Light only loved, feel darkness glorified ?

V.

BENEATH HUNTCLIFF.

I SAT amongst the old world's oldest dead,
In halls sepulchral, rifled by the tide ;
The horns and bolts of Ammon at my side
Peeped from the pitch-dark clay, and overhead,
Line upon line, were stored in earth, blood-red,
The showers of sling-stones, telling how for pride,
By wrath of Zeus, the huge sea-monsters died,
Who crawled like toads, but wore the gavial's head.
So well had Time, the sexton, covered o'er
The tale of death with reverential hand,
No human eye had known such secrets lurk
Within earth's charnel, but for waves who work
Uninterrupted by the moaning shore,
To dig the grave of all that burial land.

VI.

THE PIER AT SALTBURN-BY-THE-SEA.

OUR lives are like this many-footed thing :
We strain out seaward, but ashore we stand,
Caught by the foot, and sinking deep in sand ;
And ever and anon a snow-white wing
Gleams past, to sadden us. We fain would spring
To follow. Airs from Heaven, about us fanned,
Move us no more ; but some discordant band
May play and please, while fools in motley sing.
Ah ! well for us, if but a little way
Some child or aged man we safely bear
Upon our shoulders o'er the flowing sea ;
And happy, if by us, one seems to be
Pacing a steady deck, without a fear,
Out toward the deeps, beyond our prison bay.



VII.

THE GARDENS, SALTBURN-BY-THE-SEA.

I KNOW a happy vale wherein the sea
Throbs audibly, and silver waters wait
The fall of tide to pass beyond its gate ;
Charmed by sweet sound of magic minstrelsy,
By quaint inlay, and such flower-jewelry
As well befits the summer's royal state,
The streamlet halts, to hear grey-beards debate,
Or runs with happy children, racing free.
On cool cropped sward and labyrinthine walk,
There meditation seeks the hanging wood ;
And, when with wild-briar incense groves are sweet,
May fancy haunt again the hushed retreat
Of holy friar, and hear the ghostly talk
Of Whitby's hermit in his cowl and hood.

VIII.

*THE GARDENS ILLUMINATED,
SALTBURN-BY-THE-SEA.*

I N old romances of Arabian night,
And wondrous tale of Eastern fantasies,
There were no hanging gardens like to these,
Such ecstasy of innocent delight.
Like Kama's lamps the earth-born stars are bright,
A firefly glamour haunts the dusky trees,
The dark parterres shine out in jewelries,
And dancing lantern-shades bewilder sight.
Flame-flowers are blossoming—amber, green, and rose,
In brake and bush bewitching colours gleam,
Here a white moon casts shadow, there a sun
Of deepest crimson rises, wanes, and grows,
Then dies; while on we walk entranced, and dream
Of worlds where only fancy's feet may run.

IX.

THE GARDENS BY MOONLIGHT.

O NCE more, by dim Mediterranean seas,
I feel the breath of flowers, and move in
dream

Thro' drowsy olives down toward a stream
That, swollen by moonlight's generous increase,
By some old castle slips to shores of peace,
Where ocean whispers. Sudden, lo ! a gleam
Of torches ; hark ! far melodies that seem
To float and die along the wondering breeze.
By terraced slopes I go, where steps descending
Lead to a temple whiter than the moon,
Through darkened avenues, with alcoves fit
For holy lovers ; while, by gay lamps lit,
O'erhanging boughs are silvered, each leaf bending
In time to that enchanted valley's tune.

X.

THE SALTBURN VIADUCT.

If they whose brick-built terraces decay
Beneath the mountainous waste of Babylon,
Could leave their dusty graves, to gaze upon
This vale's gigantic piers of rosy clay ;
And with them stood the men who through the day
Of Baalbec's heat gave up their flesh and bone,
Yet in the quarry left the fourth great stone,
The wide earth's marvel and their own dismay,—
How would they sigh to think their sweat was given
To magnify a crazed, ambitious king,
Or make a world of brutish wonder stare,—
While these, with honest hands for bread have striven,
To build their arch of triumph high in air,
And speed the cars of peace on swifter wing.

XI.

AT MARSKE MILL.

THIS is the vale and gate of humbleness :
Who passes 'neath yon roseate arch's height,
He has no need of priest or eremite ;
Bowed down himself, he owns his littleness,
And must his insignificance confess ;
Yet therewithal will this stupendous sight
Strike to the soul a sense of wondrous might,
Such power has man his brothers to impress.
Thebes bowed before its Memnon, but we kneel
Before these ringing arches wrapped in cloud,
And hear at times a voice with music sweet,
Soft prelude of the roar of fiery feet ;
We know each vast brick-builded Yggdrasil
Speaks with the gods,—they rush and answer loud.

XII.

*SKELTON, THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT
BRUCE'S ANCESTORS.*

A DREAM OF ROBERT THE BRUCE.

NOW know I how the heart of Bruce was stored,
Which, ere it rested by the banks of Tweed,
Flung in the fiercest onset, nerved the deed
Of men, who, for its safety, swept the horde
Of Saracens like dust before the sword.
To him this free wide moorland taught its creed,
And those red cliffs would bid him dare to bleed
Rather than own the storm of foes his lord.
He saw the coastward beacons leap and flare—
Himself unto his land would beacon be.
But what strong purpose and persistence do,
Twin deep-run streamlets, did he learn of you ;
For, where the hermit joined his hands in prayer,
Ye joined your hands and joyously went free.

XIII.

*THE BELLS OF SKELTON NEW CHURCH TOWER
(RUNG FOR THE FIRST TIME, JULY 31, 1884).*

THE bells chimed loud, the ringers rang with will ;
Six voices cried, " Come ! for I call you now."
From high Upleatham's wood to Warsett brow,
From Huntcliff Nab to ancient Brotton hill,
The clear notes clanged. The miller, at his mill,
Heard strange airs quivering round him, far below ;
And sailors, leaning on the weather bow,
Caught sounds that seemed all Saltburn's bay to fill
With wild sea music. Still the bells were swung—
The strong tower shook, and tremblingly the vane
Moved, as, for joy, the very earth were stirred.
That evening village babes, in dreamland, heard
Angels from Heaven, and Cleveland's hollow plain
Found for the worthiest news a worthy tongue.

XIV.

AT SKELTON OLD CHURCH.

WE leave the church, where weekly prayer was
said,
Ringed round with graves and fenced with elm and
yew ;
Praise in a fairer shrine shall men renew,
Vows at a nobler altar shall be made ;
Unheeded now the mossy dial's shade,
No preacher climbs three stories high to view
The village magnate in his musty pew,
And Georgian galleries to dust shall fade.
White gleams the tower beyond the village street,
And proud and loud ring out the lustier chimes ;
But some heart-flowers, transplanted, ne'er can grow :
These old church grasses still shall feel the feet
Of those, who hear the bells of other times,
And seek the holiest spot on earth they know.

XV.

AT GUISBOROUGH ABBEY.

WHO stand by Guisborough's ruin find revealed
No abbey window, but an open door
With sight of distant wood and purple moor,
Through which, with shouts of some historic field,
Come belted squire, and knight with lance and shield,
Great dames, proud abbots, bowing o'er the floor
Of level sward ; but One, for all men poor,
Waits in the shadow, and his lips are sealed.
Then down the nave—now roofed with purer
heaven—
Through innocent flowers that fitly praise their God,
By aisles with grasses hushed in reverence,
Silent and sad He moves ; to Him is given
A scourge of cords and an avenging rod :
He drives the world's religious robbers hence.

XVI.

*ROSEBERRY TOPPING.**(OSNABURGH OR WODENSBURGH.)*

SINCE high enthroned on Ida's fateful plain
Sat Odin, when the Northmen hither roved
They chose this throne-like hill for him they loved,--
Here o'er Valhalla should the great god reign ;
Hard by ran Mimir's fountain, whither, fain
To know if Heimdal's warning could be proved,
When Asgard trembled and the earth was moved
By Ragnarök, went Odin, but in vain.
Fountain of sorrow, hill-top dark with fate,
The cloud pavilions reared upon thine height,
The stars that tremble o'er thee, speak of woe ;
Yet this of solace have we, that we know
Neither the day we shall be desolate,
Nor that dread hour when o'er us falls the night.

XVII.

FROM WARSETT BROW.

WARM was the air, and on the salt sea wind
Floated the gift of fruit to upland corn ;
From Fleeborough Hill to Roseberry, was borne
The same sure message of the Eternal Mind—
That whoso ploughs with honest sweat shall find
His pearls among the fallows. Then a horn
Hooted. I stood on Warsett Brow forlorn ;
The woods were blighted and the pastures pined.
Like clustered giants, looking through fierce breath
And glaring hotly with wild jealous eyes,
Between the Vale of Saltburn and the Tees
Stood up the workers of the great plain's death ;
Plutonic labour cursed the sunset skies,
And Cyclops' stithy smoke perplexed the seas.

XVIII.

*THE ENCHANTED CASTLE
BETWEEN SALTBURN AND WHITBY.*

WHEN Rockcliffe's walls are reddening with the eve,
And Staithes' bold fishers steer toward the night,
A stately castle on a foreland height
Rises with towers and bastions make-believe :
Then, round their cabin fires the sailors weave
Tales of the haunted hold that no sea-fight
Could storm ; for back to stone, before men's sight,
The cliffs those fairy ramparts would receive.
Along the sea-board of our lives there stand
Gaunt castles, phantom forts of empty show,
Once garrisoned with thought, now turned to stone ;
But not the magic evening's after-glow
Can break the charm and bid the towers be manned :
The seas roar dark beneath, “ Hope, hope is gone ! ”

BOOK VII.—PART II.

**SONNETS OF THE YORKSHIRE
COAST—RUNSWICK BAY.**



I.

THE WARRIOR'S CRADLE-SONG.

BRIGHT in the moon-washed heaven the Charioteer
Hangs, and Orion listens wide-awake ;
Continuous rolled, without a pause or break
The plunging surge from cape to cape I hear ;
Bells clang, clash cymbals, horses prance and rear,
Now with a crowd's acclaim whole cities shake,
Now hosts, in ambush laid, hoarse whisperings make,
Anon the cannon shout and armies cheer.
I could not wonder that the men who sleep
Lulled into dreams or woke by sounds like these,
Should feel ambition in their souls had birth,
Should cross for fame the wild applauding seas,
With noise of arms should climb the imperial steep
And thunder at the shores of half the earth.

II.

CAPTAIN COOK: BOYHOOD AT STAITHES.

NO longer need these fisher huts go hide ;
For here, when weary of the weights and
scales,
The boy, whose heart was winged with ocean sails,
Clomb wondering up by Rockcliffe's grassy side
And watched the setting sun, in golden pride,
Write on the trembling sea persuasive tales
Of undiscovered lands, and merchant bales
Waiting for barques to push through seas untried.
But most the moon, which holds in withered hands
Those swaying scales whose weights are ocean streams,
Filled his imagination, as she made
The shore white seas with continents of shade ;
For there, by chart upon the shining sands,
He sailed world round in his adventurous dreams.

III.

AT STAITHES.

HID in their tawny cleft, the fisher clan,
Untravelled, seldom climbing to the moor,
With the wild ocean knocking at their door,
Wage the same war their forefathers began ;
Build the same boats ; the same nets weave and tan
Eat the same bread, salt-savour'd, and are poor ;
Content in hopeless labour to endure,
Till death shall find for them a nobler plan.
But some there are, adventurous souls, who feel
Fresh inspiration from their prison bars ;
And, stirred by narrow confines such as these,
Go forth to plant beneath their roving keel
This solid earth, this canopy of stars,
And bring back word of the Antipodes.

IV.

STAITHES BECK.

FENCED from the world by cliffs, whereon the
kale
Sucks opal from the redolent sea air,
One way alone the people have to fare,
Closed oft against them by the treach'rous gale.
And one rough sea the folk must ever sail—
The sea of household industry and care—
Whether the boys weave nets or the girls bear
High on their heads, from far, the brimming pail.
Yet still no beck between the Esk and Tees
Runs half so serviceably to the tide,
With such accompaniments of laugh and play,
As Staithes, thy stream, where good wives on their
knees,
While children splash or mimic at their side,
Wash the sea-stains of labour quite away.

V.

HINDERWELL.

HERE in God's Acre since Saint Hilda first
Drank at this spring and set the Cross hard by,
The village, century after century,
Has come to quench at morn and eve its thirst ;
And he who drinks not of it is accursed
In barn and field, he cannot sell nor buy ;
Nor ever has this fountain head run dry,
Since from the rock the spring baptismal burst.
And here when lips no more cool water crave
They bring the dead for rest beside the well,
And they who through the long day's heat had come
Light-handed and returned with burden home,
Come hither weary laden, and may tell
How grief can drink of hope beside a grave.

VI.

AT RUNSWICK.

If ever tired Ulysses by this shore,
On such a day, above the laughing foam,
Had seen these dwellings clustered, thoughts of home
Had bade him sail the wine-dark seas no more ;
Yon cape, with sunset colour powdered o'er,
Had been to him Leucimne : thither come,
He would have vowed such vows as men who roam
Vow safe-returned, and hung to Zeus an oar.
Thereafter, as he strolled, the dark-lipped caves
For him should have been full of oracle ;
And, dreaming haply of the Chersonese,
The sea would, in compassion, cease to swell,
And gorgeous seaweeds, from beneath the waves,
Would float, as here, in wealth of golden fleece.

VII.

THE FISHER HOUSES AT RUNSWICK BAY.

TWO hundred years have scarce repaired the wrong
Done by the hungry waves that still devour,
And all who fled that dark disastrous hour
Are safe, beyond earth's crumbling. How the throng
Of red-roofed houses, that have climbed along
Their golden cliff, peep forth from apple bower
Brave as the fisher girls in calm, or cower
Silent as fisher folk when storms are strong.
Like gay-cloaked gossips stand they knot by knot,
Shoulder to shoulder, and, from every hearth,
Rises as one the smoke that seamen hail ;
Steep are the ledgy steps from cot to cot,
Love crowns each height, there is no place on earth
So dear to those who in the offing sail.

VIII.

*A RETROSPECT.
OFF TO THE FISHING-GROUND, RUNSWICK.*

WITH stout storm-jacket o'er their shoulders
cast,
Their food sealed safe against the waves in hand,
Bravely they turned toward the barren strand,
Forgetful of the misadventures past ;
Down to the shore the children hurried fast.
Knee-deep, the sturdy three on breakers stand,
Push at the boat—she quivers—leaves the sand,
And soon the brown sail bellies from the mast.
The sun dropped down ; far off, the fishers knew
The smother on the darkening cliff to be
The breath of fires that warmed the household meal ;
And all night long, that cloud was clear in view,
Though every boat had dropped behind the sea,
And herring-moonlight flashed about each keel.

IX.

KETTLENESS AND HOB HOLE.

WE drank the villagers' unfailing spring,
And as from hollow stone to stone we
stepped,

We knew that generations here had left
Mark of the labourers' thirst at evening.
Thence turned we to the slopes of fern and ling,
Dappled with seamew wings, and overswept
With noises of the sea, and in the cleft
Saw that dark cave where Hob found sheltering.
Good fellow, Robin, though the days are drear,
And men have set their fancy all on gold,
Still can the fisher-children dream ; and yet
Thy name among the seekers after jet
Is household word, the shepherds, far and near,
Can bless or curse thee for their luck a-fold.

X.

THE GIANT OF MULGRAVE DALE.

BETWEEN the streams that die into the sand
Of that long Bay old Ptolemy knew well,
Lies the green ridge of Wada's citadel ;
Wada, the giant duke, whose bloody hand
Smote Ethelred the King ; Wada, who plann'd
The causeway straight o'er hill and pathless fell ;
Who, from the apron of his consort Bell,
Spilt heaps of stone, the marvel of the land.
But now a mightier giant rules the vale,
Throws the dark shade of his imperious sway
Across the stream, the roofs, the ricks of corn ;
And, when grim Wada's walls have passed away,
This giant's steed shall plunge thro' miles of shale,
And Mulgrave's woods shall hear his steamy horn.

XI.

*PATRIOTISM.
IN MULGRAVE WOODS.*

DOWN this deep wood, along the murmuring stream
Caedmon the shepherd rhymer may have strayed,
Grave Gower have sadly gone from sun to shade,
And told young Chaucer how the daisies' gleam
And the merle's voice could make a wise man dream.
Perchance the teacher of that queenly maid
Who saved our England, here to heart had laid
How worth the saving England's shores could seem.
Fit school for all such scholars, still the wood
Is green, flowers bloom, and still the sweet birds call,
And still for thoughtful feet the pathway winds.
Cold patriot he, and but of barren mood,
Who joins such woodland company and finds
No heart to strike for England ere she fall.

XII.

TO AND FROM MULGRAVE CASTLE.

WHEN, from the roll of breakers and the sound
Of that great sea the murderer Maulac heard,
I seek the woods where once his name was feared,
And gain his fortress castle—but a mound
Of crumbling buttress, sentinelled around
With innocent dumb trees—my pulse is stirred
By the least flutter of a startled bird,
So well has deathless awe possessed the ground.
But, Ocean, haply wand'ring back to thee,
By either deep-embosomed woody stream,
To cottage roofs and gardens gay with flowers,
Fierce Maulac's deed would vanish like a dream,
But for thy presence, double-hearted sea,
Hiding beneath thy cloak such cruel powers.

XIII.

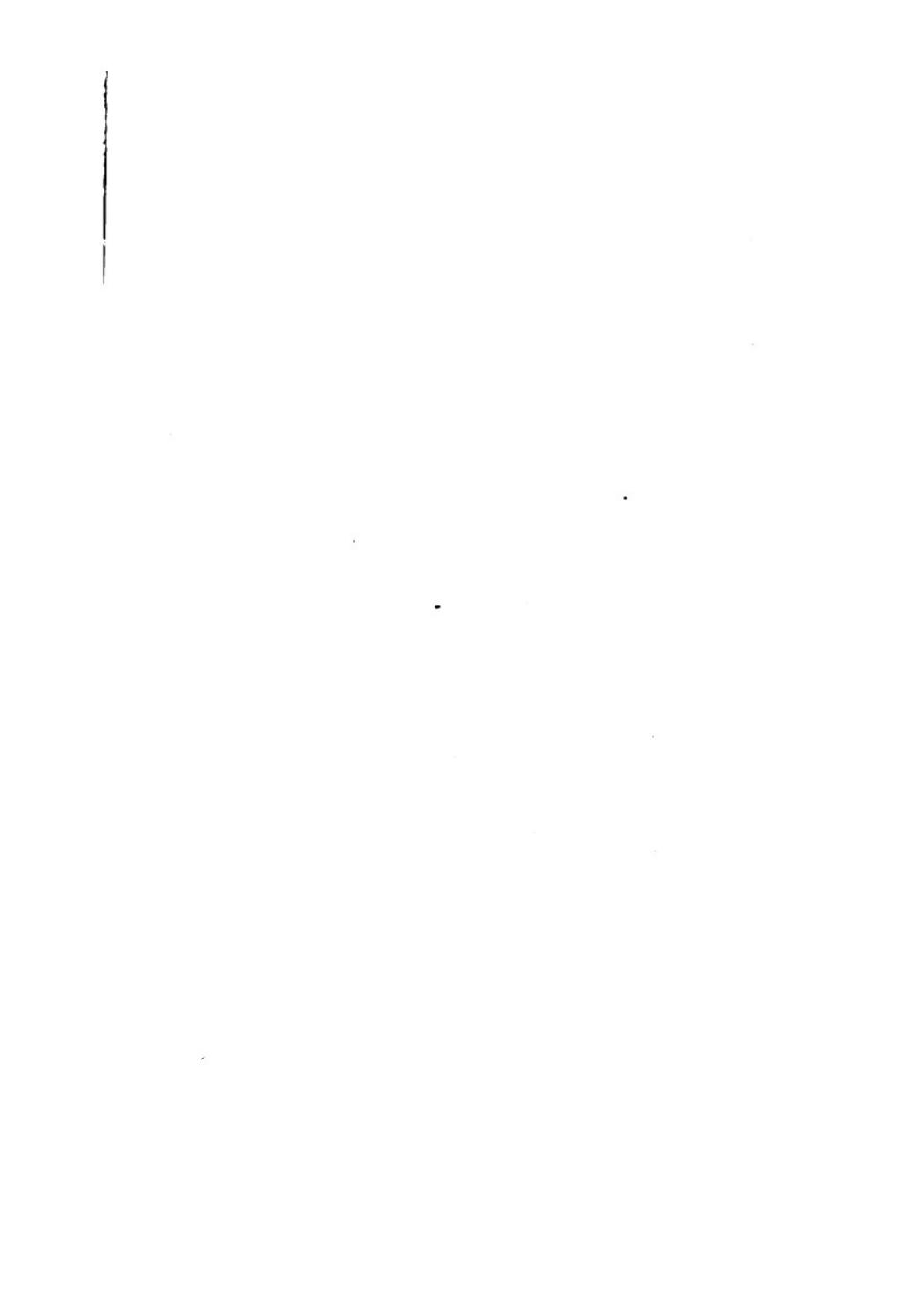
THE MULGRAVE STREAM.

YOU ask me why o'er bridges to and fro
Across the stream, by banks of fern and shale,
I still must haunt green Mulgrave's woody vale,
Where Caedmon wandered centuries ago—
It is because the solemnest sounds that flow
By constant utterance, of their awe must fail,
That still the sweetest oft-recurrent tale
Palls on the heart that has refused to know.
But here the streamlet runs, not ever clear,
As if it hid the meaning of its tone,
And whether men will have it yea or nay,
Behold, it murmurs, Earth shall melt away,
Thought and sincerest song abide alone,
Be true and think and sing and have no fear.



BOOK VII.—PART III.

**SONNETS OF THE YORKSHIRE
COAST—WHITBY.**



I.

THE SORROW OF THE SEA.

H AST thou a ceaseless woe that cannot swoon,
Or in thy central depths, some bitter ache
Vexing thy heart and keeping thee awake,
That I, by thine unquiet roused too soon,
Must walk thy headlands, spelling out the rune,
The scripture that thy flowing foam-wreaths make,
Whilst wild with grief thy body seems to shake
And heaves responsive to the sorrowing moon?
Each month thou reachest to the shore a hand
For sympathetic touch, each month in vain
Descendest to thyself to seek for cure,
But learnest ever how the pitiless land
Repels thy plea, and grudges all thy gain,
And how hearts inconsolable endure.

II.

WHITBY.

FORT of the Bay, for so the Saxons named
This quiet mouth of Esk, that twice a day
Drinks the deep sea and thirsts—the forts decay
And only waves are foes; but that far-famed
Maid-offering to war—in stone proclaimed
By Oswy and by Reinfrid—while men pray
And church bells ring for Sabbath, still must stay :
Saint Hilda lives, albeit her shrine is shamed !
And whether sailors climb the steep to prayers,
Or run to sight their vessels' gain or loss,
Or in among their rose-roof shadows glide
Beneath the vapoury cliff—that Christ has died
They know ; they feel, though steep Heaven's Altar-
stairs,
That God's great sign of victory is the Cross.

III.

SAINT HILDA.

SAIN T Hilda ! Abbess she of Streonshald,
Prayed, and was pure of heart and pure of
hand,

And when she walked along the thundering strand
The shy cliff doves, wind-beaten, storm-appalled,
Dropped to her bosom fearless as she called.
Touched by her feet, as by enchanter's wand,
The serpents left their heads upon the sand,
Coiled into stone, or stiffened as they crawled.
Still is the power of pure-souled maids who pray
Strong to destroy all venomous things that crawl ;
Only a look, the serpent shrinks and dies ;
About their paths, from out of Heaven, will fall
Mute things that need love's tend'rest ministries,
And in their bosoms frightened doves shall stay.

IV.

BY THE ESK AT WHITBY.

LIVES nursed in quiet, where no cares intrude,
'Mid gentle sounds, things beautiful and free,
These grow to help the world, where'er they be,
Are undisturbed by any change of mood ;
But, like the Esk, from her far solitude
Of inland peace and heather-purpled lea,
They move to mingle with the stormy sea,
In uncomplaining ministry of good.
So, as I jostled down the noisy quay
And leaned upon those giant-arms of stone
That hold all Whitby's pride in their embrace,
And nurse what weary boats will rest and stay,
Methought the Lady Hilda well had done
To plant her Abbey in so fair a place.

V.

A CONTRAST: WHITBY.

HERE, quayside clamour, shining fish displayed
Upon the streaming stones, loud jests, and all
The noises of that sea-god's festival
The daily harvest of the nets has made ;
Here, rival echoes and the shouts of trade,
A harbour's tide that changes—flow and fall :
There, changeless rest, an Abbey ruin, a hall,
A Church, and round it, dead in quiet laid.
Oh, happy men ! who, wearied of the deep,
Or tired of busy chaffering down below,
May look to Heaven above the smoky air,
And find a stretch of grass, as tranquil now
As when rough Caedmon fed the Abbey sheep,
Kept calm by death and consecrate to prayer.

VI.

A MEMORY OF CAEDMON, WHITBY.

THE grey-horned Abbey, Norman Reinfrid knew,
Looks o'er the red-roofed barn beneath, and still
The broad-winged Church broods peaceful on the hill ;
And all the winds that ever favouring blew,
And all the sails that ever homeward flew,
When silver spoils the happy vessels fill,
Have felt Saint Hilda's power to guard from ill
And breathe down blessing on the strenuous crew.
For as the dusky sails and dipping mast
Sweep to the harbour's welcoming arms, they hear
How that old song, which Caedmon learned in sleep,
Still sounds from off the cottage-clustered steep ;
For Love alone the wandering keels can steer—
Love, of created things the first and last.

VII.

SUNRISE AT WHITBY.

RICH orange flushed the pale horizon's bar,
Yet dark and unawakened lay the town
Without a breath of smoke, while Esk ran down
Beneath the glory of a single star;
The good wives slept, the fisher-boats were far :
You could not think that care was ever known
On yonder dreaming slope ; no hint was shown
Of what laborious dawns and daylights are.
But still the planet wheeled to work and woe,
The orange faded fast to common light,
And that mysterious Abbey stood forlorn—
A hopeless ruin in the fuller morn ;
An anxious boat went moving to and fro,
The smoke-wreaths rose, the sails were all in sight.

VIII.

A SUNSET AT WHITBY.

WHEN unimaginable things are ours,
How quietly the heart and pulses beat ;
We sit like gods in an accustomed seat,
And feel the breath of some diviner powers
To be but natural air ; the spirit towers,
And puts all common things beneath our feet :
Then what we planned in dream we dare complete,
And the soul claims its royallest of dowers—
Hope that can see fulfilment. Wherefore, die
More slowly down, O Sun, and bring the dark,
And let the purple headland in the west
Hang in a saffron flood of sea and sky,
For now the fisher dreams upon his barque,
And all the wondering eyes of men are blest.

IX.

WHITBY ABBEY.

QUEEN of the seaward Abbeys, bold to face
The storms that steal, the robber eyes that rove,
Not hid in some far inland hollow grove,
But fearless : thou wert of a fearless race.
Born of a vow that gave the Christ His place
With loss to Mercia's King who vainly strove ;
Reborn, when soldier-zeal and knightly love
Gave back thy fallen monastery grace.
Still thou art not disheartened. Oswy's vow,
The prayers of Hilda, Caedmon's Saxon rhyme,
And those four bishops, Beverley's Saint John,
Were in God's eye most precious,—and are now ;
And, ere the sea run dry, thy bells shall chime
Up from the depths, and ring thine orison.

X.

WHITBY ABBEY.

*A MEMORY OF THE SYNOD 664, WITH ITS SETTLEMENT
OF THE EASTER CONTROVERSY.*

HOW could intemperate zeal—hands hot for
blood
Of Rome, that bade Rome's Altars be removed—
How could they spare the shrine Saint Hilda loved,
Or how not banish mitre, stole, and hood?
For here, in synod, when Saint Wilfrith stood
To plead that Pasch with moon-change should be
moved,
The Royal Oswin held such custom proved
If he who held the keys proclaimed it good.
And though the jangle of Saint Peter's keys
Locked Rome to England, and that day restored
Union at home and union with the west ;
Tho' neither flame nor fierce Reformer's sword
Can break the bond; our Church, that Rome hath
blessed,
Sends Rome this stern rebuke across the seas.

Note 54.

XI.

AFTER THE HERRINGS, WHITBY.

THEY lie as they would never wake again,
Those weary fisher-boats, in slumber sound ;
But, as one sees at times a dreaming hound
Stir, and believe his phantom quarry slain,
Sudden they start, and soon the ocean plain
Is studded o'er with sails. Away they bound !
Some keen sea-hawk the silver drove has found ;
The wingèd huntsmen follow in her train.
With such an equal pace the swarthy keels,
Slipped from their moorings, hurry to the prey,
It seems as if the sky, the ocean, all
Move with their motion if they move at all ;
And like a dream the quiet pageant steals,
To melt into the far horizon's grey.

XII.

HERRINGS FINE!

OUT of the heaving dusk, toward the pier,
With sun in heart, and sunrise on each keel,
The herring boats flock home for morning meal ;
Above the rosy roostrees, as they near,
The blue smoke curls. They close their wings and
steer
With labouring oar ; they catch the loud appeal
Of loungers, asking of their woe or weal,
The children's laughter, and the fishwives' cheer.
Scaled o'er with silver, see, the skipper stands,
While the loud bell proclaims the sample fair ;
Moveless of lip, he hears his net's supply
Measured against a nation's whole demands ;
And soon the town takes up the joyous cry,
And "Herrings fine !" is ringing thro' the air.

XIII.

IN THE UPPER HARBOUR, WHITBY.

Far from the jostling market's noisy tongue,
Forth from the hold they cast their pearly store,
With salt in showers, and count, "One," "Two,"
"Three," "Four,"
The gleaming fish from crate to cask are flung,
Alternate snow and silver ; while, among
The multitudinous barrels piled on shore,
With chalk in hand, the deft-eyed merchants pore,
And packing hammers merrily are swung.
Then, as the hulls from out the painted tide
Rise, and the decks are cleansed from fishing stain,
The nets are folded and the ropes are coiled
Fit for the next night's labour. "God," I cried,
"If those aboard Christ's Ship of Truth so toiled,
We should not fish the deeps of man in vain."

XIV.

*THE BELL BUOY AT THE HARBOUR MOUTH,
WHITBY.*

A S if the sea were giving up her dead,
And corse by corse to burial were borne,
I heard the buoy-bell out of darkness mourn,
And bitter were the doleful words it said :
It told of waves that closed above the head
Of men unshrieved, uncoffined, husbands torn
From wives, and children fatherless, forlorn ;
Of faces gazing seaward pale with dread.
But still, with melancholy sway and swing
The bell gave forth its wailing funeral note,
And the night thickened, and the moon went down,
And the wind rose. Few boats had reached the town
But for the warning of that iron throat.
Henceforth, unquestioned, let the death-bell ring.

XV.

ON THE HARBOUR PIER, WHITBY.

SOMETIMES there pass us by the steamers
proud,
Like spouting whales their hulls at distance seem,
So fierce, behind, the white churned waters gleam ;
Anon they wrap themselves as in a shroud
Of their own weaving, till the plamy cloud
Hither and thither wasted, smoke and steam—
Dies out, or lingers after far abeam,
Like birds that on their close-winged journey crowd.
But 'mid the fisher fleet that clustering lay,
With here and there a wing spread forth to dry,
Resting from toil and taking strength for more,
Or waiting for the harbour's open door,
Our hearts were anchored ; for the poor that stay
Are better than the great that pass us by.

XVI.

LIGHTS ON WHITBY CHURCH STAIRS.

WHEN the dark seas with gems besprinkled are,
And through the night the fisher lamp is
swayed,

Saint Hilda's Abbey slope is rich inlaid
With countless suns ; star shines to sister star.
Dear are the heights of Heaven, but dearer far
These lowly parts of earth, so lately made
Heaven, with the constellations new-displayed,
That never set behind the harbour bar.

The suns may clash and fall, new worlds may blaze
And vanish, to Andromeda's despair ;
And one by one the jewels of the hill
Lose lustre ; still the lamps upon the stair
Burn steady ; Perseus still the monster slays ;
And great Orion burns and brightens still.

XVII.

SAINT HILDA'S LIGHTS.

WHEN over Lythe the sun has just gone down,
And opal mist has filled the hollow way
Whereby the boats steal out into the bay,
And audibly the sea sobs to the town,
In that old church, which is the harbour's crown,
Three windows brighten wondrously. Men say
It is Saint Hilda, come with saint's array—
Slid out of Heaven to be a moment known.
The fisher sees the wonder on the hill,—
He takes the glow to bode a fairer wind.
The babe leaps up in bed to watch the gleam,
And a bright presence haunts his infant dream.
Each sunset proves it is Saint Hilda's will
To keep the light of other days in mind.

XVIII.

*SUNSET LIGHTS ON THE WINDOWS OF SAINT
MARY'S CHURCH, WHITBY.*

WHEN grey September mingles sea and sky,
And steals the headlands one by one from
sight,
Saint Mary's Church is filled with sudden light,
And old men stare, and babes clap hands and cry.
A ruby jewel, burns the Tower's one eye ;
The western windows, palpitating bright,
Leap into flame. Such glory on the height
Must well-nigh rouse the dead men where they lie.
Is it some priestly pageant of old Rome,
With pomp of torch and heaped-up altar fire,
Has set the Church at vesper hour ablaze ?
Or have the Saints in glory hither come,
To bid us, tho' the sun sink, still aspire
To light the world they loved with prayer and praise ?

XIX.

THE SIX O'CLOCK BELL, WHITBY.

THE loud bell rings, the time of toil is o'er,
But the laborious ocean still works on,
As though its deeds of help were never done,
And to its central depths it must repour
For gathering strength to bless the further shore.
Led by its tireless impulse, one by one,
The fisher boats without a sigh have gone
Forth to their starlit watch and labour sore.
There is who rests not, sleeping day nor night:
This wide-embracing, this unwearied sea
Shares in the mind of Him whose pulses move
All thought, all action ; even these boats can prove
Their hearts have touches of the infinite,
In that they toil for others ceaselessly.

XX.

THE JET WORKER.

CLOSE prisoner in his narrow dusty room,
He bends and breathes above his whirring
wheel ;
The treadle murmurs sad beneath his heel,
And sad he works his jewels of the tomb,
Emblems of sorrow from the darkened womb
Of woods on which the Deluge set its seal—
Offerings from death to death : he needs must feel
A little of his craft's incessant gloom.
But, as the pewter disk to brightness runs,
On Iris wings light shoots across the dusk,
And leaps out joyous from the heart of jet.
Lord of the Iris bow and thousand suns,
By wheels of work, if men will only trust,
In darkest souls Thy light and life are set.

XXI.

THE WHITBY BELLS.

WITH those four sermons sounding in the air,
Above the town, above the harbour boats,
No need of prophets in their leatheren coats,
No work for priest in linen fine and fair.
One cries, "Learn justice, have a reverent care
For things divine;" one, "Jesus, speed our notes;"
From one, "Praise Heaven! On earth be peace!"
down floats
To those who climb the church's rocky stair.
Ring out, old bells! and add the fourth stern chime
Above a restless river, restless sea:
Till men praise Heaven peace cannot come to earth,
Of reverence only justice can have birth,
With Christ alone your speed will progress be—
Christ only speed, if men repent in time.

XXII.

*SERVICE IN THE OLD PARISH CHURCH,
WHITBY.*

WE climbed the steep where headless Edwin
lies—

The king who struck for Christ, and striking fell ;
Beyond the harbour, tolled the beacon bell
Saint Mary's peal sent down her glad replies ;
So entered we the Church : white galleries,
Cross-stanchions, frequent stairs, dissembled well
A ship's mid-hold,—we almost felt the swell
Beneath, and caught o'erhead the sailors' cries.
But as we heard the congregational sound,
And reasonable voice of common prayer
And common praise, new wind was in our sails—
Heart called to heart, beyond the horizon's bound
With Christ we steered, through angel-haunted air,
A ship that meets all storms rides out all gales.

XXIII.

*DROWNED BY THE UPSETTING OF THE
LIFE-BOAT, OCTOBER 6, 1841.*

A HERO'S GRAVE IN WHITBY CHURCHYARD.

REST, master mariner, rest till sealess doom :
Beyond all harbour-stir upon this steep.
Though murderous winds obliterating sweep.
Thy deed shall keep a name upon thy tomb !
Child of the ocean, to its darkened womb
Who so return, regenerate, shall reap
Immortal glory. Waking tho' they sleep
Their deaths flash life across the desperate gloom.
For what are men, if, when the storms are strong
And harbours stretch their yellow arms in vain,
They go not forth to succour ? Wearied sore,
Still must they rake the jaws of hell once more :
And if they die, they know their deeds remain ;
And if they live, it cannot be for long.

XXIV.

FAREWELL TO WHITBY.

FAREWELL ! the silver dazzle of the tide,
That to the Esk such life and beauty brings ;
The gleaming harbour towers, the glancing wings
Of boats that down the slopes of ocean glide,
Or hang in air, phantasmal, glorified.
Farewell ! the blue roof smoke that curls and clings,
The solemn Abbey's overshadowings,
And o'er the town, the dead men side by side.
Farewell ! If I should never see thee more,
If not again the pivot bridge of chance
Should swing above the stream of severing days,
Yet still in heart I lounge along the quays,
Mix in the market, learn the fishers' lore,
And grasp hands round from Shetland to Penzance.

XXV.

THE PENNY HEDGE.

IF, on a day in each returning year,
With horns' halloo, and shouts of "Fie, for
shame!"

The men who knew our deed's dishonour came
And cried it to the people gathered near,
Should we not blench to watch that dawn appear?
And how much more, if lands, and wealth, and name
Were ours in tenure, so our title's claim
Stood in a deed's dishonour plain and clear!
Stout Percy's heart must needs have felt the scorn
When those hedge stakes, in Whitby's tideway driven,
Did to a gaping world his sin declare,
How by a murdered priest it was forgiven.
Soul, hast thou heard no conscience blow its horn,
Nor slain in this world's chase a man of prayer?

XXVI.

THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE, GLAISDALE.

O R built by beggar boy, to riches grown,
Who by this monument of thanks would prove
Lapse of laborious years could not remove
The mindful thanks for early kindness shown ;
Or whether, foiled and thwarted by the tone
Of Esk in flood, some trysting gallant strove
To point the unconquerable way of Love,
And for Love's arrows bent this bow of stone ;—
From Glaisdale's hollow arch resounds the word,
“The Foss may fail,—and Arncliffe's eagle dies,
The royal falcon starves on Godeland moor ;
Brute force and death are dwindling : Love is lord,
Whether it fires the gallant's heart, or lies
In tender office round the cottage door.”

XXVII.

ON A MOORLAND RAILWAY.

L IKE a bronze snake the deep-run valley wound
By yellow cliff and alder-sprinkled dale ;
High up we saw cool, silent cloudlets sail,
Beneath we heard the hot wheels pulsing round ;
But eye and ear were wrapt as in a swound ;
Another scene was born, the sky went pale,
The great sun died, on either side the rail
New lights, new glories, lay along the ground.
King of the year, high on his throne at last,
Sat August, and his robes went streaming wide
In purple state beyond imagining.
Our envious Firedrake flew in thunder past,
Threw here and there his clouds, yet could not hide
The royal splendour of the Moorland King.

XXVIII.

*PICKERING MOOR,
FROM NEAR SALTERSGATE, IN HEATHER-TIME.*

THE distance gleams from purple into rose,
The moorland wears her brightest robe to-day,
Wove by the hands of August, to be gay,
Till one short week its beauty shall foreclose.
But rosy is the time, to freedom grows
The soul. Unchallenged, here the feet may stray,
And music is companion all the way—
One sweet bee monotone the heather knows.
Music and work ! My soul, sing loud, work fast,
Till night-time weave us silence and a shroud.
Too soon the bee, o'erlaboured, at his door
Will fail, and fail too soon the pollen cloud ;
But work and sing, the honey-hours shall last,
Till we have reached the sea beyond the moor.

XXIX.

LILLA CROSS.

If some strong angel, calling bone to bone,
Should from their burial mounds these warriors
free,

Would they not rub their eyes, and laugh to see
How still the summer's yearly benison
Of honey bee and heather bloom went on ;
Clap hands to view the white sails going free ;
Then, wandering westward down the purple lea,
Would stop to stare at this memorial stone ;
Amazed, would ask, "What giant hither bore
This sturdy bolt, what hosts from battle came
And left this emblem of their victory ?"
Until some passing shepherd should reply,
"I have not heard of Odin or of Thor ;
This Cross is Christ's, we conquer in His name" ?

XXX.

GOATHLAND.

DEEP in the hollow moorland, but complete
For lives that own the simple village rule,
The one-belled church, the tiny cottage school,
The lowly hostel where the shepherds meet.
When in the vale the landscape swoons for heat
And sultry August drinks the roadside pool,
The air about thy brows is fresh and cool,
And only heather-smoke about thy feet.
Then, Goathland, to thy wilderness we turn,
For there our children enter paradise :
The world is larger than they else could learn ;
Their cheeks are flushed with every knoll's surprise,
They pluck great gifts of heather and of fern,
Lavish for Nature's generosities.

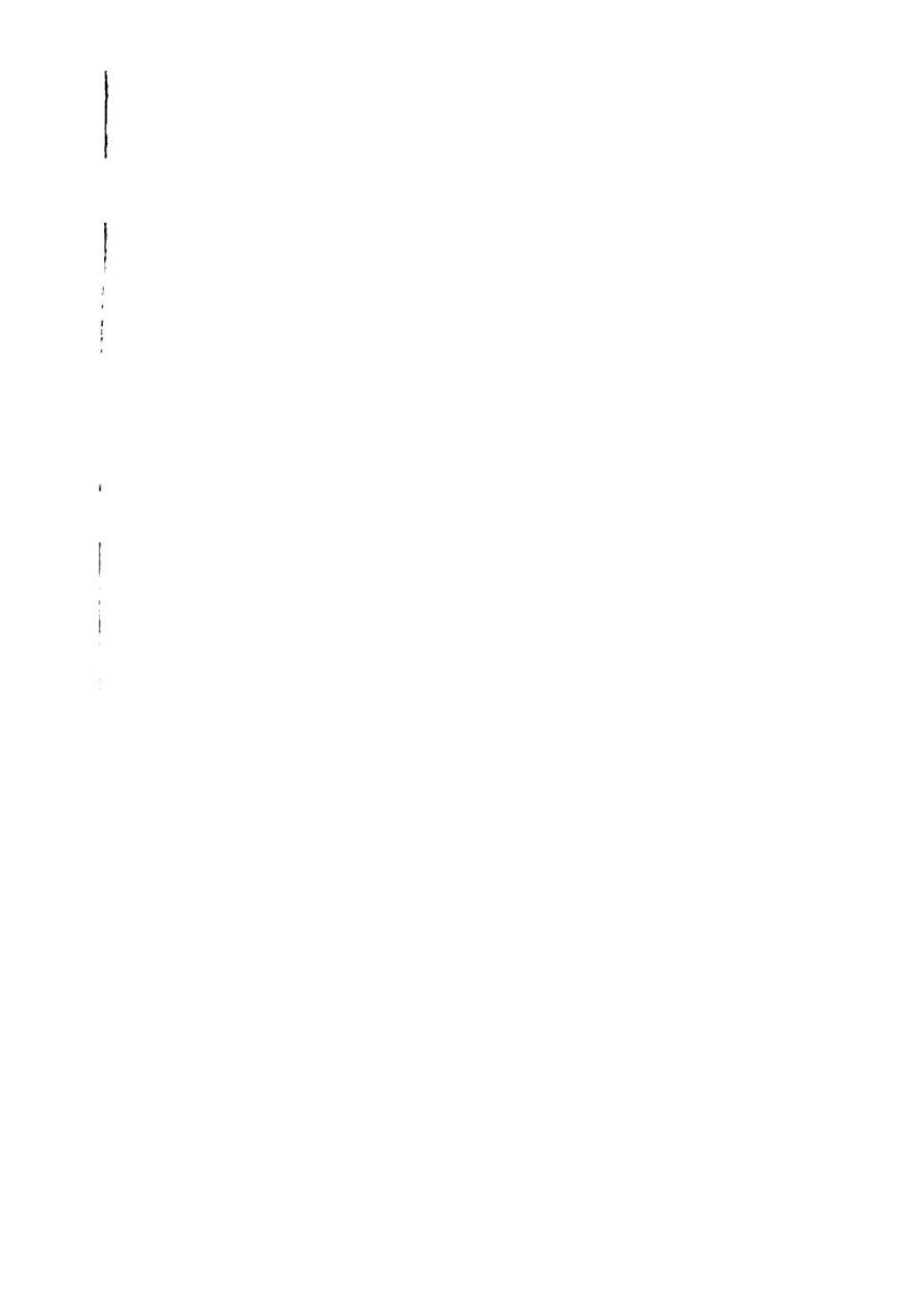
XXXI.

IN GLAISDALE WOOD.

HERE might the lover, with a heart like June,
Go whistling on from sunshine into shade,
From shade to sunshine ; here the gentle maid
Might think the summer twilight came too soon ;
Here, while o'erhead, with sympathetic croon,
The doves made memory sadder as he strayed,
Some sorrowful old man, his last hopes laid
In ashes, yet might find thy woods a boon.
The beauty, Glaisdale, of thy stream and wood
Has ages incommensurate by man ;
It knows not time, it feels not any change.
In yonder narrow vale, each cot and grange
Must sing and weep alternate ; but thy mood
Is joy since buds broke forth or river ran.

BOOK VII.—PART IV.

**SONNETS OF THE YORKSHIRE
COAST—SCARBOROUGH.**



I.

ROBIN HOOD'S TOWN.

MY eyes were full of that cliff-huddled home,
With smoke, and sun, and shadow mist-
impearled,
White as if some Atlantic billow curled
Had broke and clung, inhabitable foam.
There were the men who will no longer roam,
Tired of the sea, that wanders round the world,
Still cannot bid their sails be wholly furled,
And still must watch what vessels rise and come.
And as from shore I climb the narrow street,
Thronged with its boats for safety thither brought,
By stairs perplexed and passages uneven,
But for the red red roofs of thy retreat,
Bold Robin Hood, I verily had thought
I gazed upon the sweetest scene in Devon.

II.

TO ROBIN HOOD'S BAY.

WE passed the pillars in the meadows reared
To Robin Hood and Archer Little John,
When, having dined off monkish venison,
They shewed the Abbot why their bolts were feared ;
Then sudden to the sea the farm lands cleared
By Saxon hatchets sloped, the moor looked on,
As purple as the day the fight was won
And the black raven on the Peak appeared ;
And down we dropped toward bold Robin's bay—
The reefs ran dark and fateful to the tide,
Roof clung to roof as if they feared a wrong ;
None hunt wild Robin now, o'er England wide
His deeds are cancelled for their gifts to song—
And hide-and-seek the peeping houses play.

III.

BAY TOWN.

IN the curved bay, where resonantly flow
The north sea tides, and wondrous echo brings
The noise of ships that, borne on cloudy wings,
Pant round the headlands, red the roof-trees glow ;
Homes of the fisher, built how sailors know,
With intricate care, and close up-shoulderings.
Men-martlets they, the sons of robber kings,
Norseman and Dane, and Robin of the bow.
So planned and fashioned on their bank of shale
Village and cliff are one, each open door
A tiny gate to undiscovered caves.
And when the sun has sunk behind the moor
The cottage eyes flash fire, and o'er the waves
House whispers house the smuggler's oft-told tale.

IV.

SCARBOROUGH CASTLE.

GRIM Scardeborga—so our sages spell
The name the Vikings gave thee—since the
night

When fierce Hardrada from thy rocky height
Rained flaky fires that on the fish-huts fell,
And left them ashes, never has the smell
Of fire passed from thee ! Fury of the fight,
Zeal for the king or for the people's right,
Have flamed up fresh in yonder citadel.
But they who see thy fortress-cavern gape
High in the wall where once the faggot blazed,
Where now the winds blow desolate and cold,
May know two fires—though here imprisoned both,
Burn free—one, Mercy, in pure woman-shape ;
One, zeal for God, a weaver-prophet raised.

V.

AT THE PARISH CHURCH, SCARBOROUGH.

THE bells rang loud ; below, the vessels lay
As if they listened to a preacher's tone,
Crying, " O, wandering souls, why have ye gone
Labouring in vain, and wherefore will ye stray ? "
I looked, and into distance, lo, the bay
Gleamed like the sea that beats before the Throne,—
Glass mixed with fire ; and bells, waves, boats, in one,
A thousand " Hallelujahs ! " seemed to say.
I entered. In the church, the chanting choir
Did but prolong that vision of accord,
When all who wander, weary, tempest-tost,
Shall stand upon the sea of molten fire ;
And, with the harps of God, a choral host
Shall sing the marvellous glory of the Lord.

VI.

OLIVER'S MOUNT, SCARBOROUGH.

WHEN from the mask of fashion and of show
I seek, green Weaponesse, thy solemn height,
Again I seem to see thy beacon light
Flash fire of help to friend, of hurt to foe.
Great Ida's fleet has neared the cliffs of snow ;
From Ingvar, lo ! St. Hilda's monks in flight ;
The rash Hardrada's keels are hove in sight ;
And outlawed Robin scours the wood below.
Dreams are but dreams ! Thy beacon flares no more ;
No shepherd hither brings in haste his quern,
Or hurries with his frightened flocks and herds.
But we have need of beacon mem'ries stern ;
Foes watch along an ease-enfeebled shore,
And thy grave hill can speak Protector's words.

VII.

*THE WANDERER'S TOMB ON THE FILEY
HEIGHTS.*

H IS was no ordinary soul, the brave
Who, as he felt the thundering surge of death
Sound in his ears, could yet, with his last breath,
Columbus-like, still murmur of the wave,
And bid them lay him dead where he might have
View of the long well-watered bay beneath ;
So with his dagger, horn, and Druid wreath,
His soul might unastonied leave the grave.
For he had wandered far, before the time
They chose for him the hollowed oaken tree,
Had warred with men, had battled much with wind ;
But still he kept the temper of his prime,
And still the wild unconquerable sea
Hid leagues of wonder for his warrior mind.

VIII.

THE DANE'S DYKE, FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

I CANNOT climb this mighty rampire's breast
Without a thought of those fierce men of old,
Who steered adventurous galleys, and were bold
To scale the white cliff's yet unconquered breast,
Smote down the hind, the shepherd dispossessed,
And few, against a multitude untold,
Planned out what little kingdom they could hold,
And built their wall against the whole wide west.
First of our land's invaders—whether thirst
For wider acres or for wiser laws,
Or led by natural wish some way to win
Beyond the heaving grey that hedged them in—
Theirs was the glory of a desperate cause ;
Others have followed after, these were first.

IX.

FLAMBOROUGH.

H EADLAND of flame, thy tower may flash by
night,
But these far-gleaming promontories glow
Through mist or sunshine, citadels of snow ;
Above the gloomy waters, dancing light
Plays in each shadowy hall and lucent bight,
And wondering tides clap hands of awe, and go
By milk-white monolith and portico,
With swift return, as if for sheer delight.
But he who wanders in thy hollow caves
Will hear a wailing murmur, see the stain
Like blood, in pool and on the pavement thrown ;
As though for all the wash of cleansing waves
The signs of Ida's struggle must remain,
When on the heights he won Northumbria's crown.

X.

SEA SYMPATHY.

WEIGHED down beneath the inevitable press
Of earthly calls, as frivolous as loud,
Hemmed in and vexed with the persistent crowd
Of things to do, that done are nothingness,
When lips that might have sung are musicless
For want of silent hearing, and the proud
Exacting hours move on behind a shroud
Of thought towards a tomb that none can bless ;
Then let the singer seek a lonely shore—
There, like a man that dreams and walks in swound,
Wrapped all about with voices, lo, the din
That shuts the world without, shuts thought within,
And ocean, echoing to his heart's profound,
Shall stir his soul and melody restore.

BOOK VIII.

**SONNETS OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE
COAST.**

I.

CHILDREN ON THE SHORE.

O H ! happy people, blessed in your content,
The sea may flow and drown your new-won
lands,—

It does but make you join your merry bands,
You closerier pack your busy settlement,
And urge unjealous industry : here, bent
On fortress mounds, the young strategist stands ;
There, while the farmer plans his farm in sands,
With shells the gardener will his art present.
But still the ocean tides impartial roll,
In 'minished acres children ply the spade,
With larger hearts they share the varied task,
One family. Call up the child, and ask
What is it such a heaven of earth has made—
Wide lands, or wider love, and breadth of soul ?

II.

SEA COAL.

THE coals were spent, the village fires burnt low:
Out flew the banner on the signal mast,
The greybeards questioned far-off sails that past,
Shading their brows and muttering ay or no ;
But when the kindly tide began to flow,
A ship stood up, mysterious, from the vast
Bewildering deep, steered straight ashore, and cast
Her anchors from the stern and from the prow.
Down sank the sea, out-shone the coal-black hull,
The jingling carts towards its gangway sped,
With mimic rolls of thunder thro' the day
The weary vessel gave her heart away :
Our children found next morn a hollow full
Of sand-locked water, but their friend was gone.

III.

SKEGNESS HOUSE.

IT stood, the genius of the sea-blown bank,
And rocked to every passing wind that blew :
Far out at sea that house the pilot knew,
Its friendly light the fishermen would thank.
For entrance, served a solitary plank,
Loud with the feet that pattered to and fro :
Up to the wolds the rising sun looked through,
Down to the sea looked through the sun that sank.
The housewife there had little need to keep
Of rosemary and lavender sweet store,
Her chests were fragrant with the salt sea-air.
There would the weary quite forget his care,
All day could revel on the healthful shore,
Lulled by its tidal tune all night could sleep.

IV.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE MARSH.

F RINGED by the sea a level plain we crost,
Fresh with continual green from end to end ;
To far-off shepherds flocks their welcome send,
Mixed with the lowings of a hornèd host ;
Here gleams a gate, and there a roadway post,
Ever to sunset grey-blown willows bend,
And, round the pastures, whispering rushes lend
Their voice to swell the murmur of the coast.
Here neither sheep nor shepherd-boy can ail,
Glad with the green, invigorate with the gale,
Unchid, across his flowery bounds may pass
The lowing steer in search of sweeter grass ;
For they who own these herds are free of hand,
And open-hearted as their breezy land.

V.

OLD SKEGNESS CHURCH.

THEY built thee in far meadows, for their dread
 Of greedy waves against the sea-bank rolled ;
They set thee 'twixt the waters and the wold,
And to thy church-yard frequent bridges led.
Here weekly prayer the hind or fisher said,
A single bell the deaths and weddings told,
And twice a year they moved with tears the mould,
Twice in the year came laughing to be wed.
Half seen, the preacher from the pulpit's jaw
Still pleads God's blessing and explains His law ;
Close to the roof men still on Sabbath sing,
Where in the week-day doves with murmur cling :
On walls of decent white, rude-lettered, see
God's ten commands in their simplicity !

VI.

NEW SKEGNESS.

WHERE once the fisher's cot could ill contrive
A frugal welcome for the chance-come guest,
In gay saloons, with ostentation drest,
Large tables shine, and noisy caterers thrive ;
Off sands made black with swarms from labour's hive
The lonely shrimpers vanish, dispossess ;
Where poets mused, the showman plies his jest,
And jaded horses plough the sandy drive.
The strenuous tide has lost its task : men rear,
Of alien stone, huge barriers rudely strong ;
For music of the rushy bank we hear
The grating band—a stroller's gipsy song ;
While that sea-monster millepede, the pier,
Puts out from shore to please a giddy throng.

VII.

WILLIAM OF WAINFLEET.

THE wide horizon helped his growing mind,
The changing pageant of the bannered skies
Forbade him trust gay-seeming enterprise,
He breathed in wit with every salted wind ;
And yonder sea, by its own mounds confined,
Chaining itself with its own ministries,
Was fit instructress how, when passions rise,
Of their own strength they should their raging bind
Oft in the marsh, beneath a level sun,
He sought with simple crook his father's sheep ;
Or, boyish, traced his Magdalens in the sand.
The keen-faced prelate lies in marble sleep,
But Cherwell's stream four hundred years has run
In vain against the walls his wisdom planned.

VIII.

BOSTON CHURCH TOWER.

ABOVE the Egyptian plain, the earliest ray
Struck tune from the Colossus, shepherds
feared,
And those rude boatmen of the Nile, who steered
The monoliths, warped northward in dismay.
But thou, great Christian Memnon—all the day
In silver iterations thou art heard
Insisting on the hours. The hinds are cheered,
And sailors go rejoicing on their way.
High-crowned thou sittest o'er the listening leas,
Thy moveless feet wreathed round with shifting sand ;
A beacon true to men who plough the seas,
A tower of hope to men who till the land ;
Wide fields and waters lie beneath thy care,
For leagues thy guardian presence haunts the air.

IX.

THE EAST FEN.

LAND of the earlier morn, the later night,
L Of distance beyond distance ; broader skies
Where the lark sings, and where the swallow flies,
This unperplexed, and that with clearer sight ;
Here swirl no streams, no prattle of delight
Comes from the brook, no bubbling springs arise ;
Deep channelled waters, where the bulrush sighs,
Slope, ladder-like, to Heaven, silver bright.
Here pale-faced prisoned labour never comes,
No furnace roar the shepherd's sleep alarms,
Only at times the steamy thresher hums
Among the poplars whisp'ring round the farms ;
And all the year, to urge the ploughman's hand,
The great sea-sickle gleams about the land.

X.

AT MABLETHORPE :
AN EPISODE IN THE PUBLICATION OF THE
"POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS."

THAT eve the sun set rosy o'er the wold,
A burnished shield the level marsh-land lay ;
The reeds in wonder whispered all the way
As towards the sea their car of triumph rolled ;
The whirling mills with voices manifold
Tossed up their arms to cheer ; the churches grey—
The lonely churches where the marsh men pray—
Breathed forth a blessing on the venture bold.
Thou, far-retiring ocean, o'er what sands
Of rippled silver glistening to the stars
Didst thou entice those happy brothers' feet ;
With what a rhythm didst thou clap thy hands,
And rear thyself above the shoally bars,
And pause, and fall, their music to repeat !

XI.

*TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.**(BY HIS STATUE IN THE SPILSBY MARKET-PLACE,
AT NIGHT.)*

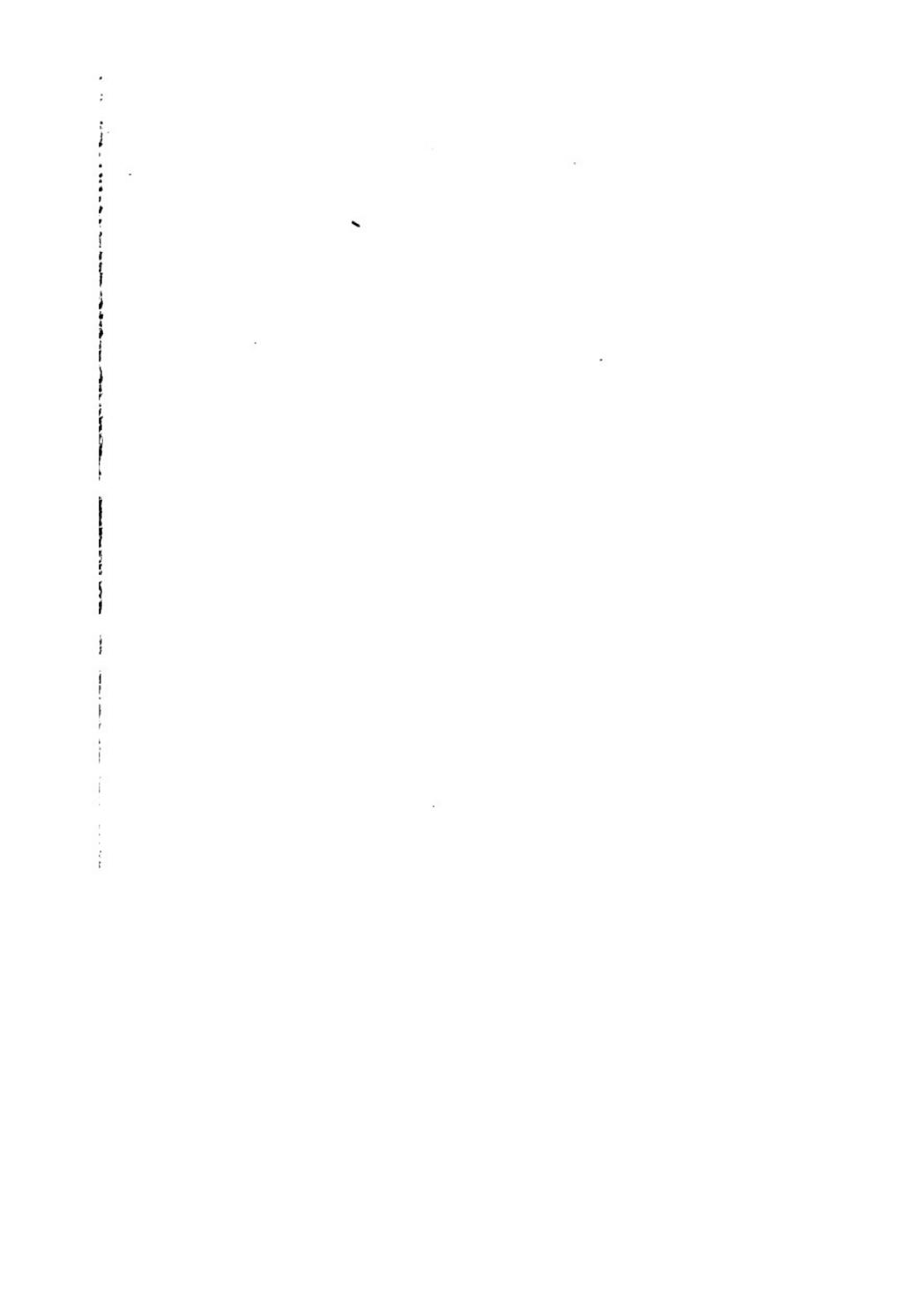
ABOVE thy native town a white moon shows
Clouds packed as ice about the firmament
And, prisoners in that frozen continent,
A few faint stars to light the shifting snows :
On sails the moon, dispart the hoary floes,
As if a sudden summer with her went
Capes melt, and opens every firth, content
To give her easy passage as she goes.
Now fiercer winter falls upon the sky,
The moon is quenched, one star still glimmers forth :
How like to thee and thine these heavens are,
Thou who hast left a name that cannot die—
A splendour in the dark disastrous north,
And from thy bronze dost front the Polar star !

XII.

SONNET VALEDICTORY.

*A DOME of trembling glass upon the shore
Gleamed, and within were wondrously displayed
Four moons, four rainbows, ringed with purple braid :
Again I passed, the crystal to the core
Was shrunk, its moons would lighten never more,
And on the sands, sun-smit to froth, had made
Impress of dissolution ; grateful shade,
Nor ocean cool, its beauty could restore.
Go, little book, but better far be lost
In deeps of song and water-floods of sound,
Than, with a momentary power to please,
Float in on barren beach, from shallow seas,
To melt beneath fierce light, and so be found
A lifeless blot, a blank, delusive ghost.*

APPENDIX.



NOTES.

Note 1, p. 3.—Below is an extract from a kind letter written by Mr. Gardner, who has allowed me to have enlarged, for the purpose of illustration on the cover and frontispiece of this volume, the early silver coin of Tarentum that suggested Sonnet I. It is found figured the natural size in his *Types of Greek Coins*, Plate I. fig. 22. .

"The early coins of Tarentum show a fresh memory of the fact that the Tarentines were a Greek race who had come from their own land and settled on the rich Italian soil. They represent Taras, the mythical founder of the city, as being swiftly carried through the sea by a dolphin, and often as stretching out hands of longing towards the land of his destiny. On the later coins Taras becomes a mere embodiment of the seafaring and mercantile spirit of the Tarentines, bearing over the sea the wine-cup which symbolises the plenteous produce of their vines, or the trident which refers to their successful fisheries, or the spindle which represents their manufacturing industry. Thus the earlier coins exhibit the consciousness of future vigour and progress, the later coins the full enjoyment of rich material prosperity. Unhappily, the later coins show, both in their details and in the physical type of Taras himself, signs of the luxury and corruption which gnawed away the life and vigour of the Tarentines, until they reached the level of effeminacy from which Pyrrhus in vain tried to raise them.

"On the coin you have had engraved, there is neither corruption nor prosperity, but only that charming promise of early Greek art, which, to those who use themselves to it, becomes so delightful that it seems to them as if Greece in its perfect bloom of art never quite fulfilled the promise of its childhood.

"PERCY GARDNER.

"British Museum."

The coin as I saw it, without knowledge of its archaic interest, seemed to me the embodiment of grace and freedom and joy in the liberty of the sea. Hence the sonnet.—H. D. R.

Note 2, p. 5.—King Henry VI. conferred the title of King of the Isle of Wight upon 'Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, and crowned him with his own hands. The title expired with the first bearer of it. The Duke died in 1445.

Note 3, p. 10.—The tin trade, which first brought England into commercial relation with the rest of the civilised world, appears to have had its *dépot* in the Isle of Wight. It is believed that ore from the Cornish coast was brought for smelting, and for export, hither.

Note 4, p. 15.—It is said that when England was at war with Spain, the inhabitants of Weymouth were panic-stricken one day to see a huge Spanish galleon in full sail making for the harbour. To their intense joy, the wind flung out the English flag from behind her mainsail, and they knew she was a prize to their country's arms.

Note 5, p. 17.—Smeaton's lighthouse, said to have been modelled from the growth of a forest tree, was erected in 1757. After more than 100 years of storms which sapped the foundations of the rocks without being able to injure the masonry, it has made way for a new one, and has been rebuilt stone for stone upon Plymouth Hoe in honour of its great engineer.

Note 6, p. 22.—The fairy-lore of Cornwall is intricate and interesting. Brownies are for the most part the kindly, genial little helpers of the home-life. Tregeagle is the demon whose agonised voice is heard in the storm at sea, and in the moorland wind. The wish-hounds (perhaps whisht-hounds) are a phantom pack, some say, of headless dogs, who are now and again heard in full cry among the lonely hills.

Note 7, p. 23.—Sir W. Raleigh, returning from his voyage to Guiana, was the first to perceive the natural advantages of

Falmouth Harbour, and pressed them upon the notice of Queen Elizabeth.

Note 8, p. 28.—“Rumonus genere fuit Scotus Hiberniensis : Nemea sylva in Cornubiâ plenissima olim ferarum : S. Rumonus faciebat sibi oratorium in sylvâ Nemeâ” (Leland).

Any who visit the church of St. Grade will seek out the hermit's well: its ribbed roof and pointed archway prove the veneration of former ages for the saint who gave up the cares of the early Cornish episcopate to live a life of seclusion in the wild woods of the Lizard. Ordulph, Duke of Cornwall, removed the saint's bones to the monastery of Tavistock A.D. 961. But the memory of the hermit is localised by his well, and the names of the churches Ruan Major, Ruan Minor.

What St. Rumon was to the Lizard, St. Paterne was to the Land's End, and none can pass St. Madron's well (Sonnet XVII., p. 37), its simple wall inclosure looking like a sheep-fold on the wild moor, and its stone seats and rude altar bare to the eye of heaven, without going back to far pre-Christian days, and the well-worship of primæval faiths,—faiths that in their very honour for the water-springs tell us of their Eastern origin.

Note 9, p. 33.—Mullyon Island lies just off shore; if the boats caught in a gale can once make the entrance between cliff and island, they are safe.

Note 10, p. 34, “Flora Day at Helston.”—On the 8th of May, early in the morning, parties of the villagers go off to the woods, and return with their hands full of green branches, and “May” in their hats, and perform a rustic dance, singing the Hal-an-Tow song. The refrain of the song tells the towns-folk that “the winter is agone O,” and they have “been to the merry green woods, to fetch the summer home O.” Later in the day the Furry dancers meet in the market-place, and dance down the streets and into any open doors. It is a general holiday, which winds up with a ball in the evening. Of old

time any who were found working on this day were made to jump Pengella brook, which meant a ducking. The origin of Furry day (Flora's day) is supposed to be pre-Roman, and to commemorate a British victory. Doubtless the Roman Floralia added to their Spring festival gratitude for some signal deliverance of an older time. "St. George he was a knight O," and some references to the legend of the Fiery Dragon of Helston, are mingled with memories of the Spanish Armada in the Furry Dance Song :

"Where are those Spaniards
That made so great bo-a-t?
They shall eat the grey go-se-feather,
And we will eat the roast."

Note 11, p. 39, "Mên-Scryfa."—Just beneath Caer Galva, and within sight of Lanyon cromlech, the Mên-an-Tol, or holed stone, and the Table Mên of Morva, stands up in the desolate moor a rough monolith, nine feet high, known as the Mên-Scryfa, or written stone. The words "Riolobran Cunoval Fil" are rudely engraven upon it, in letters that date back, it is said, to the middle of the sixth century A.D. It is believed that it marks the grave of a British prince, whose father's name, Cunoval, is preserved in the name of the parish Gulval. At the junction of the four parishes close by, Gulval, Madron, Morval, and Zennor, is a flat stone, or Table Mên, with a cross cut upon it. Tradition states that three Saxon kings supped together at this stone.

Note 12, p. 40.—The Land's End, called also "Penrhin Guard" or "Headland of Blood," was the scene of the last stand of Cornish braves against the invader. At Sennen, lies the Table-Mên round which Arthur and the nine princes who aided him against the Danes, dined after the battle of Vellan Druchar—the "Mill-wheel." So terrible was the fight, the mill was worked with blood that day. Not a Dane escaped. The birds built their nests in the rigging of the Danish vessels that were washed by

the storm high up in Genvor Cove. "He is a red-haired Dane" was, till lately, a term of contempt at Sennen and the neighbourhood. Bollait the "Field of Slaughter," is famed as the site of the battle wherein the Cornishmen made their last stand against the Saxons.

It is a popular belief (see Jarvis's translation of *Don Quixote*, bk. ii. chap. v.) that King Arthur did not die, but was changed into a raven, and that he will yet return and claim his throne. But another tradition fixes upon the Cornish chough as the bird whose beak and talons, red as blood, show forth the violent death of the king, and whose blackness of wing is sign of the sorrow of those who mourn until he come again. To shoot a raven or a chough is considered most unlucky in Cornwall.

Note 13, p. 55.—The roof of Coleridge's cottage reminded me much of the roof of Somersby Rectory (*In Memoriam*, cii). The two brothers wrote much of their earliest poetry in the little garret chamber at the northern gable end of the Lincolnshire parsonage. "The poplars four that stand beside my father's door" alas! now whisper only in the Laureate's song.

Note 14, p. 56.—

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more,
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
Within the hearing of the wave."

—*In Memoriam*, XIX

Note 15, p. 59.—Gilbert Strongbow, nephew of Walter de Clare, the founder of the monastery at Tintern, died 1149 A.D., and was buried alongside of him in the Abbey.

Maud, the wife of Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, was carried to her rest in the year 1248 A.D., dressed in her grave-clothes, coroneted, upon a simple bier borne on the shoulders of her four sons.

The great east window once contained the heraldic achievement of Roger de Bigod, who was the second founder of the Ab-

Note 16, p. 60.—The tower at Drakestone Edge commands one of the most notable views of the part of Gloucestershire that lies along the Severn Sea. It was erected to the memory of Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament. He suffered at the stake for his generous opinions. His Testament, the first ever printed in English, bears date December 25, 1525, and is in the Baptist College Museum at Bristol. Two of his sayings need record. “I will one day make the boy that drives the plough in England to know more of Scripture than the Pope does.” His prayer at the stake was, “Lord, open the King of England’s eyes.”

Note 17, p. 65.—The River Dee (the divine one) was held as sacred by the Britons. Before they joined battle with the Saxon invaders, they knelt, first kissed the earth, then devoutly drank of the holy stream.

Note 18, p. 69.—Cf. “The Barmouth Sea Bridge,” Sonnet CCXXXIX., *Collected Sonnets, Old and New*, by Charles Tennyson Turner.

Note 19, p. 70.—The Guild of St. George, under the Mastership of John Ruskin, have obtained a most interesting little property here, mainly through the kind services of a resident who is in entire sympathy with the objects of the Guild. To reach them one must climb by curious stairs up the face of the cliff, and be rewarded by finding as happy and contented a race of peasants as can be.

Note 20, p. 71.—The sonnet describes the walk from Dolgelly to the torrent glade in the grounds of Caerynch. Moel Orthrwn, or Moel Offrwn, the “Hill of Oppression” or the “Hill of Sacrifice,” is a prominent object before one turns to enter the vale of the torrent. Upon the summit of the hill is a rampart of loose stones. A British military post, or a circle of sacrifice, may have given the name to the hill.

Note 21, p. 72.—Davydd ap Ivan ap Einion, distinguished alike by his giant stature and great valour, after the defeat of Henry VI. at Northampton, in 1460, sheltered Margaret of

Anjou at Harlech Castle, and held it for the House of Lancaster during the Wars of the Roses. Edward IV. strove to wrest the castle from him, but for four years he held it, and was only induced by famine to surrender to the king on honourable terms. This siege gave occasion to the well-known air entitled "The March of the Men of Harlech."

Note 22, p. 73.—The site of the fortress Harlech—the "Bold Rock"—dates as far back as the third century, when tradition tells us that Brân Fendigaid, or "Brân the Blessed," used the castle as a fortress-keep, wherein his daughter Bronwen, the "White-Bosomed" one, was kept in strict seclusion. Romance has been busy with the fortunes of this beautiful maid, whom it would seem all the Welsh chieftains strove to win and woo in fairy-tale fashion.

Note 23, p. 74.—The white line of breakers that runs from Wallog terminates on masses of heaped-up stone, which are said to be the remains of Caer Gwyddno, one of sixteen cities that once flourished in the great plain between Criccieth and Pensarn.

King Gwyddno or Venutius had as his chief sea-ward a certain Seithenin, son of Seithyn. He offended him at a banquet by calling him a drunkard. Seithenin attended by his followers left the court, and that night let in the sea through the dam of Caer Gwyddno upon the low land, swamping the Holland of ancient Wales. There still lingers an old saying among the inhabitants of these parts, applied to any person visited by a great calamity, "The sigh of Gwyddno Garanhir, when the wave came over his land."

Note 24, p. 78.—The lighthouse-looking monument upon the Hoad Hill at Ulverston was erected to the memory of Sir John Barrow, a native of that town, for many years Secretary to the Admiralty.

Note 25, p. 80.—The ruins of Furness Abbey (founded A.D. 1127 by Benedictines from Savigny, who afterwards followed the rule of

St. Bernard) lie in a vale whose old name was Bekan's Ghyll, as appears from some Latin verses in the Chartulary of the Abbey.

Bekan may be a Scandinavian proper name (cf. Beacon Hill, Aspatria,) but it was believed by the monks of old to refer to the woody nightshade, *Solanum Dulcamara*, or to the deadly nightshade, *Atropa Belladonna*, which grew abundantly in the vale.

For the touching history of the hermit knight who found peace with God in his lonely cell upon Black Combe, readers are referred to a poem by Faber, too little known, "Sir Lancelot."

Note 26, p. 82.—It is said that Henry VI. after the battle of Hexham, on May 15, 1464, was met in his flight by some shepherds in Eskdale, near to the site of the present chapel, and conducted by them to the castle, then the seat of Sir John Pennington. The celebrated cup called "The luck of Muncaster," was on that occasion left by the king in acknowledgment of loyal hospitality.

Note 27, p. 84.—The gale which burst upon Cumberland on December 11, 1833, is sadly memorable. It not only blew down or broke off the noblest spruce firs in the famous castle drive at Muncaster, but uprooted the famous yew of St. Patrick in the Patterdale churchyard ; and tearing up completely one of the "fraternal four of Borrowdale," shattered the remaining three, and rest of all its beauty and honour that once "solemn and capacious grove" which Wordsworth has immortalised.

Note 28, p. 85.—None can walk on the Seascale shore without thoughts of the Scandinavian occupation of Cumberland and the Christianity the Northmen brought with them.

The sonnet was suggested by the "gleams like the flashing of a shield" that shone upon the Isle of Man amidst a purple sea beneath a marvellous sunset sky. The story of the Viking warrior, Olaf Tryggeveson, who, at the battle of Svald, rather than die by the hand of his enemies, lifted his heavy shield above

his head, leapt from his ship, and sank beneath its weight, is familiar to all readers of Norse history. (See Longfellow's *Saga of King Olaf*.)

Note 29, p. 88.—The proprietor of the field found the Druid Stones interfered with tillage. Graves were dug, and all but one are buried from sight.

Note 30, p. 95.—The Gosforth Cross (of which a cast is now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum) is one of the most interesting Christian monoliths in Great Britain. It is of red sand-stone, 14½ feet high. A representation of the Hammer of Thor—the Yggdrasil and the Rood in one—it rises from a socket of three Calvary steps. Upon the four sides of the cross are carved scenes from the Vala's prophecy of the Völuspa, that deal with the last battle of Ragnarök and the twilight of the gods. We have much of the god-lore gathered together in Saemund's Edda, here sculptured; and parallels and contrasts, most subtle but most interesting, drawn between heathen and Christian faiths. The man who set up this great preacher of stone in the seventh century in a Viking village near the Cumberland coast, and used Scandinavian myth to teach the way of Christ, was a genius. (See *Archaeological Journal*, March, 1883; and Art. xxxviii. "Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society." Vol. vi. Pt. II.)

Note 31, p. 96.—Suggested by a holiday excursion of the Keswick school children to the Seascall shore.

Note 32, p. 98.—The family of Grindal has died out at St. Bees in recent years. Edmund Grindal was born in the parish 1519, Archbishop of York 1570, Canterbury 1576, in disgrace 1577, died blind July 6, 1583. He founded the grammar-school of St. Bees with lands of the ancient Priory. "The gravest and greatest prelate of the land," as Lord Bacon called him, was as affable, gentle, and courteous in disposition as he was firm of resolve and brave in outspokenness and determination. His portrait well bespeaks the man.

Note 33, p. 99.—Nothing is known of Prior Thomas Cotyngham save that he died A.D. 1300. Broken into seventy pieces, but now cleverly mended, and safe within the College walls, his life-size effigy remains to us. “A better example,” writes Canon Knowles, “of an incised stone would be hard to find.” “I suspect Sir Walter Scott made a blunder when he spoke of the Abbot of St. Bees. Thomas de Cotyngham was only Prior under the Abbot of St. Mary’s, of York.” Round the stone runs the following inscription:—“Hic Jac——e frater Thomas de Cotyngham quodam Prior huj eccle q obiit Anno Dom. MCCC. c aie. ppi. De.” (See on this and succeeding note “Transactions, Cumberland and Westmoreland Archaeological Society,” Vol. ii. Pt. I. Art. v.)

Note 34, p. 100.—The Beowulf stone, now opposite the west door of St. Bees’ Church, is unique in England. It is the impost of a door. It is Irish in shape, and seems to belong to St. Bega’s foundation. But, writes Canon Knowles, “the design seems rather to be of the Christianised Scandinavian school. And the stone is the local red sandstone, not the white hard grit of which most of our earliest church stones are made.” It is now preserved above an alcove where the crier of public sales used to take his stand to give notice to folk as they came out of church of the latest thing in the market. Readers of Beowulf’s poem will remember the “dragon of the mound of treasure,” and how the warrior overcame him.

Note 35, p. 101.—The legend of St. Bega and the snow miracle is thus given in Sandford’s manuscript in the Carlisle Cathedral Library:—

“There was a poor and religious Lady Abbess and one of her sisters with her driven in by stormy weather to Whitehaven and ship cast in the harbour and so destitute; and so she went to the Lady of Egremont Castle for relief . . . She desired Lady Egremont to desire her Lord to build them a house and they would lead a religious life together . . . wherewith the Lady Egremont was very well pleased and spoke to her Lord—he had land enough

to give them to buye up treasure in heaven ; and the lord laughed at the ladye and said he would give them as much land as snow fell upon the next morning and in Midsummer day. And on the morrow he looked out of the castle window to the sea side, two miles from Egremont all was white with snow for three miles together. And thereupon builded this St. Bees Abbie and gave all those lands was snowen upon it."

Readers will remember the legend of a like snow miracle attaching to the foundation of the Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore.

Note 36, p. 109.—When the monks with St. Cuthbert's body in charge, in fear of the Danes, left the Lorton vale, took ship at Workington, a sea rising with waves as of blood drove them to land. The jewelled and illuminated copy of the four Gospels given them by Eadfrid, successor of St. Cuthbert, was lost in the storm, and was found, it is said, at low-water mark, on the shore. It is believed that the veritable copy with salt adhering to some of the leaves may be seen in the British Museum.—Cottonian Collection (Nero. D. 4.)

Extract from the *Rites of Durham*, p. 56 :—"And so the bushop, the abbott, and the reste, being weirye of travelling thoughte to have stowlne awaye, and caried Sancte Cuthbert body into Ireland for his better saifftie, and being upon the sea in a shippe by myricle marveillous iij waves of water was turned into bloode. The shippe that they were in was drenen back by tempest, and by the mightie powre of God, as it should seame, upon the shore or land. And also the saide shippe that they weere in, by the grete storm and strong raging walls of the sea as is aforesaid, was turned on the one syde, and the booke of the Holie Evangelists fell out of the ship into the bottom of the sea." (See "Transactions, Cumberland and Westmorland Archaeological Society," Vol. ii. Pt. I. Art. iii.)

Note 37, p. 114.—The day George Wishart died, a furious storm of wind broke upon the coast of St. Andrews. The fisher people looked upon it as a judgment upon his murderers. "T"

window at which Cardinal Beaton sat to see the martyr perish is still pointed out above the Castle gateway.

Note 38, p. 117.—An allusion is made in line 5 to the late Principal Shairp; in line 10 to Sir R. Anstruther's return after a scrutiny for the Burgh of St. Andrews. During the last few months of Principal Tulloch's life the political outlook weighed heavily upon him.

Note 39, p. 120.—Monks from Patras in Achaia are said to have landed with the bones of St. Andrew *circa* A.D. 320. Acca, driven from Northumbria with a company of priests, virtually founded St. Andrews *circa* 900. All who know St. Andrews remember the red scholar's gown that lends such colour to the grey old streets. Margaret of Guise, Wishart, Cardinal Beaton, John Knox, all made St. Andrews famous; and of modern times the names of the two late Principals have added honourable lustre to the ancient seat of learning by the Scottish shore.

Note 40, p. 122.—The winds had so eaten away the recumbent effigy of Grace Darling that the features were scarcely recognisable. Since the sonnet was written, the munificence of Sir W. Armstrong has replaced the original effigy, and the weather-worn statue of the heroine is safely kept in shelter within the old parish church of Bamborough.

Note 41, p. 129.—The sonnet was suggested by the first line of a verse—an old ballad quatrain, with reference to Captain Cook's fate—which runs thus: “His father lies at Marske without a name.” James Cook, the father of the circumnavigator, was a day labourer on the farm of a Mrs. Mary Walker at Marton. He died at Redcar, and it is believed he was buried within the hearing of the wave in the wind-swept churchyard of Marske upon the sea. An entry in the parish book—“James Cook, day labourer, April 1, 1779,”—is the only evidence of the fact, but it is enough. Dame Walker seems to have kept the village school at Marton. She at any rate it was who, after the lad's work was done, taught young Cook to read.

Note 42, p. 136.—Any one who stands near the stupendous pillars of red brick which rise from the Saltburn glen to the height of 150 feet, and with utmost grace and giant-tree-like beauty carry the viaduct of the North-Eastern Railway, will hear, when a train is approaching, a most subtle kind of musical note which rings and sings till, with a crashing roar, the train sweeps over the bridge, and is lost to sight. It is the prelude to the roar which suggested the sonnet.

Note 43, p. 141.—The Cottonian MSS. describe the Augustinian priory founded by Robert de Brus, A.D. 1119, as “A most pompose house, insomuch that the towne, consisting of 500 householders and odd, had noe land, but lyved all on the Abbey;” after telling us that “there was plentiful dyet at eyther gate to entertain strangers, and as many horses in winter in the stable as in sommer at grasse. . . . One thing I remember of their greate provysyon that a steward was put out of offys, because he had aforehand but onely 400 quarters of grayne to serve their house.”

Note 44, p. 142.—All who have passed through Cleveland have been struck by the conical peak—*lias* capped with sandstone—of Roseberry Topping ; from the twelfth to the end of the sixteenth century it was written Othenesbergh, Odinsburgh, or Wodensburgh, doubtless a name given to it by the Northmen, signifying the Hill of Odin. But pits of British origin are found on its northern steep. Near the summit, on the same side, is a small spring known as Oswy's well. The story goes that a Northumbrian princess dreamed her son would die by drowning. The princess, to baffle the fate, dreamed of, and further revealed to her by astrology, had a silken tent pitched on the summit of Roseberry, and took her boy thither. But the lad was found drowned in the spring, whose existence had been unknown to the anxious mother. He had gone to seek wild flowers, had lost his footing at its brink, and so perished.

Note 45, p. 149.—Staithes—chiefly of note because Captain Cook was, as a lad, apprenticed to a little grocer in the village—lies picturesquely in a deep chasm of the cliff, between Colburn Nab, and Penny Nab. It is difficult, except by boat, to get along shore either to the north or south from the bay. The grouping of the fisherwomen who, assembled at the beck side on the pebbly shore at low tide, “wash the sea-stains of labour quite away,” is a sight not to be forgotten.

Note 46, p. 153.—Two hundred years ago, a landslip occurred here, and all the houses but one sank during the night.

The red-tiled roofs and white walls of the clustered cottages of Runswick shine out from the sea. The view from Kettle ness is most striking.

Note 47, p. 155.—Kettleness spring can be found by the worn paved way down the cliff towards it. Hob Hole is more difficult to find. A cavern excavated by the action of the waves among the jet-holes on the beach is shown by some ; others show a cavern in a ravine below the coastguard's house, but some way above the shore. It was tenanted of old by Hob, the Norse Robin Goodfellow. He was called Hob Thrush, and whilst shepherds and fishers invoked his luck, the wives took their bairns who were suffering from whooping-cough to the cavern, and used the following prayer :—

“Hob Hole, Hob,
My bairn's getten t'kink cough,
Tak't off ! tak't off !”

Note 48, p. 156.—Old Mulgrave Castle, Moult-grace—so its possessor, Manlac, murderer of Prince Arthur, is said to have called it from the beauty of its position—stood on the wooded ridge between the streams that fall into the sea at Sandsend Bay, the “Dunum Sinus” of Ptolemy. It was older than the Norman Conquest by two centuries, and was by tradition the hold of Duke Wada or Wade. The famous Scandinavian giant of that

name, with whom this Wada is mixed up, had a wife who went to milk a cow on the moorland each day. For her convenience Wada constructed a causeway—part of the Roman road between Dunsley and Malton. While the wife was helping him by carrying stones in her apron, the string broke, and the burden remains to this day, a heap of many cartloads, upon the moor.

Note 49, p. 157.—Gower—master and friend of Chaucer, though their ages were not certainly more than eight years apart if Gower's birth took place in 1320—is by tradition said to have been born at Sittenham. The sonnet supposes him as kin to the Yorkshire Gowers, and as having come up, with the town-bred vintner's son, his friend and companion, Chaucer, into Yorkshire on a visit.

Roger Ascham, the tutor of Queen Elizabeth, was born at Kirkby Wiske, in Yorkshire, and would doubtless have seen this beautiful Mulgrave paradise on his native county's shore.

Note 50, p. 164.—Oswi, the Christian King of Northumbria, before he fought the decisive battle near Leeds against Penda, the heathen King of Mercia, November, 655, vowed that if victorious he would build a monastery at Streonshald (Whitby), to be dedicated to St. Peter, and dedicate his infant daughter Elfleda to a conventional life. He won the battle, and intrusted his little daughter to the care of good St. Hilda—daughter of Hereric, King Edwin's nephew—then at Heraten (Hartlepool). She removed to Whitby in 657, and became first Abbess of the Benedictine monastery there. The house was destroyed by the Northmen under Ingvar and Hubba in 867, and was restored, after lying desolate for 200 years, by Reinfrid, or Regenfrith, said to be a soldier of the Conqueror's. This Reinfrid had assumed the cowl at Evesham, and setting out with a company of monks to visit the holy places in the north, was so struck with the forlornness of the monastery ruin, that he asked and obtained leave from William de Percy to rebuild it in the name

of God, St. Peter, and St. Hilda. At first a priory, it became an abbey in Henry I.'s reign. Sacked by the "King of Norse" about 1150, it flourished with its line of thirty-two abbots till the dissolution, 1539.

Note 51, p. 165.—The ammonite fossil, *Cornu ammonis*, abounds in round claystones of the lias-bed at Whitby.

Hilda is said, by her prayers and lustration of holy water, to have driven the poisonous snakes that infested the cliffs from their holes, cut off their heads, and turned them into stone. The nuns of Whitby, in the second canto of *Marmion*, not only told their sister recluses at Lindisfarne

" how, of a thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda prayed ; "

but also

" how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
As over Whitby's towers they sail,
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint."

Note 52, p. 168.—Caedmon, the Saxon poet, who died in 680, began life as the cowherd of the Abbey. It was the custom of his companions to while away the long evenings with games of easy alliterative rhyming, but Caedmon could not take his part. Bede tells us : Being at the feast, when all agreed for glee sake to sing in turn, he no sooner saw the harp come towards him than he rose from the board and returned homewards.

Sorrowful, he went to sleep. Suddenly it seemed to him that a heavenly glory lighted up the stable, and Christ appeared and said :

" Sing, Caedmon, sing some song to me."

"I cannot sing," was the reply ; "for this cause it is I came hither."

" Yet," said He who stood before him, " yet shalt thou sing to me."

"What shall I sing?"

"Sing the beginning of created things."

The vision passed, the divine afflatus remained, and Caedmon woke, a poet. King Alfred has put on record the words that came to the sleeper's mind.

Note 53, p. 171.—The four bishops alluded to who were learned inmates of the House under St. Hilda were Bosa of York, Aetta of Dorchester, Offtor of Mercia, Wilfrid of York, St. John of Beverley. The latter, born at Cherry Burton, in the East Riding, in the middle of the seventh century, pupil of St. Hilda, became Bishop of Hexham 687, was translated to York in 705, retiring to Beverley in 718; he died in 721, and was canonised by Benedict IX. No saint, St. Cuthbert only excepted, was regarded with greater reverence north of the Humber.

The Abbey bells, of antique workmanship, were, it is said, sent by sea to London, but within a mile of the Whitby harbour the ship and bells went to the bottom.

Note 54, p. 172.—The memorable Synod that determined the time of Easter and the shape of the religious tonsure, was held at the Whitby Monastery in the year 664. Colman, Bishop of Northumbria, supported the custom of the Greek and British Churches; Wilfrid, Abbot of Ripon, that of the Roman. The former cited St. Columba, the latter St. Peter. St. Wilfrid asserted that to St. Peter the Lord had given the power of the keys. Hereupon King Oswy turned to Colman and asked: "Has Columba also received such power?" Colman was silent. "Do you both agree that to Peter the Lord has given the keys of Heaven?" Both parties answered, "Yea." "Then," said King Oswy, "I will not oppose the heavenly porter, but to my utmost will follow his commands, lest haply when I come to the gates of Heaven, there be none to open to me, if he who is shown to have the keys in his keeping turn his back on me."

Oswy's speech decided the controversy. Rome, and not the old British Church, was in future to be our referee in matters ecclesiastical.

Note 55, p. 178.—The lamps at night upon the dark hill-side of the Abbey hill suggest various constellations and groupings of stars. This sonnet was written in the summer of 1885, at a time when the new double star in Andromeda was causing astronomers much interest.

Note 56, p. 179.—The old legend of the vision vouchsafed to St. Bega, of St. Hilda's soul being carried to Heaven by bright angels, was doubtless kept alive by the sunset effects upon the western window of the Abbey Church. At one of these, it was said, was seen from time to time

“The very form of Hilda fair
Hovering upon the sunny air.”

The effects of this sunset glory are marvellous, and are as far seen as they are beautiful.

Note 57, p. 183.—The old bells of St. Mary's referred to, bore round them the following inscriptions:—

- 1590. Discite justitiam : monite et non temnere diuos.
- 1626. Jesus be our speed.
- 1637. Deo in excelsis et pax hominibus.
- 1708. Repent in time.

The writer of the sonnet has since learned that these bells were ruthlessly recast a century ago, but the words of old bells need never be forgotten, even if the bells themselves pass through the fiery furnace.

Note 58, p. 184.—Edwin, the first Christian King of Northumbria, was slain in battle by Penda, the heathen King of Mercia, in 633. His body, it is believed, was buried in holy ground upon the Whitby fortress steep. His head was deposited in the Church of St. Peter—now the Minster—at York, of which he had been the founder.

Note 59, p. 187.—At 9 a.m., a day before Ascension Day, the old custom is observed at Whitby called “Planting the Penny Hedge.” A number of stakes, cut with a knife which has cost the small sum of a penny, are driven into the shore on the east side of the Esk at low-water mark. While the ceremony is going on, a man blows a horn and shouts, “Out on you! out on you!” to the shame of those who are driving the stakes. Scott’s allusion to it in *Marmion* will be remembered. The tradition tells us that in the fifth year of Henry II. three members of the families of Percy, Bruce, and Allatson, in a boar-hunt at Eskdale side, disturbed the hermit in his oratory, now St. John’s Chapel, at Sleights; and because he had shut the hounds out, and the wild boar in, in his pity for the poor hunted beast, they broke open the door and beat the holy man to death with their boar-staves. Their crime was a capital one, but the hermit obtained forgiveness for them ere he died, and their heirs were to continue to hold their lands of the Abbot of Whitby on condition of coming to Stray Heads Wood and cutting each year on Ascension Eve at the sun-rising, ten stakes, eleven strouth stowers, eleven yethers, with a knife of one penny price, and carrying them on their backs to Whitby, and there, if it be not full sea, at 9 a.m. driving them stoutly into the Esk mud, that they stand three tides. An officer of Eskdale side was to blow “Out on you! out on you! out on you!” with his horn, whilst the act of penance was being performed.

Note 60, p. 188.—Glaisdale Bridge has a story attached to it, which is confirmed by the initials “T. F. 1619” upon it.

A poor lad of Egton, Thomas Ferries, was kindly treated by the Glaisdale peasant folk. He was one day prevented by the swollen flood from crossing the river here at the stepping-stones, and vowed, if he became rich, he would build, in return for the many kindnesses received, a bridge there. He went to sea, prospered, became a Hull merchant, and kept his word. The bridge’s name commemorates its founder’s poverty.

Another legend, with echoes of the Annan Water ballad about it, tells how a lover, on the eve of his departure, essayed to cross the stream to visit his lady-love, but was foiled in his attempt by the violence of the stream in flood ; and how he vowed that, if safe returned, he would build a bridge for all lovers in Egton and Glaisdale to pass over by.

Note 61, p. 197.—The Bay Town—that Yorkshire Clovelly—is inseparably connected with the memory of bold Robin Hood. He is said to have fled for refuge hither when hard pressed, and to have always had boats in waiting for his use on emergency. Until recent date, the smuggling spirit of its inhabitants kept alive something of the daring of the old outlaw.

Note 62, p. 198.—At Hawsker village two upright stones used to exist, which tradition said marked the spots where the arrows of Robin Hood and his archer Little John fell when, after dining with the Abbot of Whitby, they gave proof of their prowess with the bow by shooting from the Abbey tower.

Upon the moors in the neighbourhood certain tumuli are called Robin Hood's Butts to this day.

Travellers along the coast will remember the Peak and Raven Hill. On this latter the Danes under Ingvar, in 867, are said to have planted their famous standard, the Raven—hence the name.

Note 63, p. 200.—We learn from Snorro's *Chronicle of the Norwegian Kings* that Harold Hardrada in 1055, before he sailed up the Humber to lose his life at Stamford Bridge, after ravaging "Klifond," "lay to at Scarborough and took the town." Thorklen's account of the battle is thus translated : "Sithence he lay at Scardeburg, and fought there with the burgess men. He ascended the hill which is there, and caused a great pyre to be made there and set on fire. When the fire spread they took great forks and threw brands on the town. The Norsemen slew many people, and seized all they found."

Lady Chomley, wife of Sir Hugh, who held Scarborough Castle for the Royalists, 1644-1645, remained within the walls

during the eighteen months' siege, enduring great privations and ministering to the sick and wounded.

George Fox, the Quaker, in 1665, was incarcerated here. The garrison officers said of him, "He was as stiff as a tree and pure as a bell, and they could in no wise move him."

Note 64, p. 202.—The Northmen under Ingvar are said to have plundered and destroyed the Whitby Cell at Harkness, near Scarborough, in A.D. 869.

The Mount, called to-day Oliver's Mount, from the false tradition that Cromwell was present in person at the siege of Scarborough, was in the olden time called Weaponsse, and was doubtless an encampment or vantage-ground of great strength.

Note 65, p. 203.—In the museum at Scarborough may be seen the oak-trunk coffin of the warrior who was laid beneath the tumulus on Gristhorpe Cliff, a short distance north of Filey. At the head of the skeleton were found bronze and flint spear-heads, flint arrow-heads, the handle of a javelin, a horn, and a fragment of a bark-basket or dish. Long lanceolated leaves and stems of what proved to be the mistletoe, were also found beneath the body.

Note 66, p. 204.—The Dane's Dyke, a strong double entrenchment with a ditch and breastworks, crosses the promontory of Flamborough, and converts the whole of the headland known to-day as Little Denmark into a strongly-fortified camp.

Antiquaries agree in giving it a much earlier date than any Danish invasion. It is not improbably one of the earthworks by which the first invaders from the north-west made good their foothold in the country. But in 507, Ida, the Saxon, with a very great multitude, landed at Flamborough Head and desolated the neighbouring coast, and in King Alfred's reign the Danes made frequent incursions on this east coast.

Note 67, p. 211.—The old Skegness House has ceased to be. Once the feature of the little-known fishing-village upon the

Lincolnshire coast, it has given way to the inevitable villa and promenade building of a brand new seaside resort.

Note 68, p. 213.—There is a tradition that an encroachment of the sea had buried the oldest Skegness parish church beneath its waves; that, in consequence, the builders of the second church, now the old, were determined to plant their house of prayer far enough from the coast to prevent a recurrence of the disaster. The sonnet was written before the Skegness of to-day, with its new and fashionable church, existed.

Note 69, p. 215.—The little marsh-land town upon the coast will ever be memorable as the birthplace of William of Waynflete, Head-master of Winchester, 1429 ; Fellow and the first Head-master of Eton, 1442 ; Provost of Eton, 1443 ; Bishop of Winchester, 1447 ; Lord High Chancellor, 1456 ; Founder of Magdalen Hall and Magdalen College, Oxford.

Note 70, p. 216.—Boston Church tower, better known as the Stump, stands up a feature for twenty miles or more, in the flat Fen-land landscape. It is built on the bank of the River Witham, and is said to be founded upon sand. Its carillons are famous.

The late Bishop of Lincoln sent back the following elegiac couplet, on receipt of a copy of the sonnet :—

“Memnonis effigies radiis vibrabat Eois,
Turris apostolico lumine nostra sonat.”

Note 71, p. 218.—I am indebted to the late Charles Tennyson Turner for an episode which future times will be glad to remember. On the afternoon of the appearance of their joint first volume of poems, Lord Tennyson and his elder brother, then at school at Louth, took carriage, and driving across the marsh to Mablethorpe, shared their natural triumph with the waves and winds of the wild eastern shore.

THE END.











